

H**ard** Heartattack C**ore**

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*Garden
Variety*

25¢

#1

HeartattaCk

• ISSUE #1, MARCH 19 •

PRESS RUN: Issue #1: 10,000 copies

ADVERTISING: Advertising is available on a first come first serve basis. All ads and payment needs to be in by the 1st of the next scheduled release month. If we can't review your records we're not going to run your ads, and we do reserve the right to reject any ad for any reason. If you don't like it then start your own fucking 'zine. Make all checks or money orders out to Ebullition Records.

1/6 page	(2 1/2" x 5")	\$35
1/4 page	(3 3/4" x 5")	\$50
1/3 page regular	(5" x 5")	\$65
1/3 page long	(2 1/2" x 10")	\$65
1/2 page regular	(7 1/2" x 5")	\$100
1/2 page long	(3 3/4" x 10")	\$100

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No Exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: HaC is basically free, but if you want an issue sent to you then send \$1 in the United States, or \$2 anywhere else in the universe and we'll send you out an issue. If you want to send in money for future issues then go ahead. We will keep sending them until your money runs out. Back issues will be available at this rate as well.

DISTRIBUTION: HaC costs 5¢, so if you are interested in getting some copies for distribution then just send \$5 or more and we will send you as many copies as we possibly can. This money is only for postage, packing materials, plus 5¢ per issue. You can then sell them for 25¢ each or give them away, but please don't charge more than 25¢. Be warned \$5 or \$10 will get you a lot of 'zines!

CONTRIBUTIONS: For the most part HaC is being done by local people here in Goleta, but we are looking for contributions. If you want to contribute and you have a specific idea then please write and we'll try to work something out, or just send it in and we will see what happens. Anything we don't use will be returned as long as you send some stamps. Some things we are looking for are...

- 1) Letters and columns. We would like to have a large letters and columns section, so don't be timid. If we think your material is really good then we'll run it as a guest column, otherwise we'll put it in the letters section.
- 2) Photos. It would be nice to have a lot of photos in HaC, but we are going to be very picky about what gets printed and what doesn't. Please send postage if you want your photos returned.
- 3) Scene reports. HaC isn't going to have too many of these but we will have the occasional scene report, so get in touch if you want to do one.
- 4) Interviews. Band interviews are usually boring and bands are overrated any way so there aren't going to be too many band interviews, but we are interested in interviews with people and organizations of interest. So please call or write if you are interested in doing an interview for HaC.
- 5) Articles. We're open for anything, but it is always best to contact us before you do anything. If it seems like a good idea then we will try to work something out with you.

COVER: End Of The Line photo by Kent McClard

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What the fuck is hardcore? Sometime it is a word used to define a musical style and sometimes it is used to define an attitude or lifestyle. Ultimately, it is a word that is still living. Its definition changes as each of us says it and applies it in our world of travel. Personally, I like to think of hardcore as an attitude of independence and defiance. To me it is a way of life. A way of approaching the world. It is a scene that is heavily involved with music, and yet it is also a way of expressing opinions and feelings outside of the realm of music.

HeartattaCk is being created as an out-growth of the hardcore scene in the sense that it will be covering whatever comes out of this attitude and lifestyle and ideology. I realize by choosing to use hardcore as a flowing word rather than a concretely defined word I am opening a pandora's box, but the underground/alternative/punk scene that has embraced the do-it-yourself attitude is ever changing and constantly evolving. The sound that was utilized by what I would call the hardcore scene ten years ago is simply not the same sound being made today, and hopefully in ten more years the sound will have been reinvented and modified and changed year after year. Hardcore is not a musical style or a sound. Hardcore is an attitude, and that attitude creates this scene. The X-Ray Spex, The Big Boys, Black Flag, Discharge, Crass, Embrace, Rites Of Spring, Infest, Heresy, Born Against, Downcast, Spitboy, Fuel, Rain Like The Sound Of Trains, Avail, Still Life, and Bikini Kill share little in terms of musical styles and types of sound, but each of those bands encapsulated an attitude of defiance and independence.

Hardcore was born out of angst, anger, fear, alienation, oppression, rebellion—emotions of life. It lives not as a set of notes and chords, but as a culture of protest and resistance and survival. The very act of being in an independent band and playing your own songs and doing things for yourself is in and of itself liberating, and it is this act that makes hardcore important to me. Hardcore then becomes the affirmation of this independence. Hardcore is about expression, emotion, independence, rebellion, resistance, and experience. The one thing that hardcore has always given me through thick and thin is experience. The hardcore scene is based on possibilities. It is not about restrictions. The fact that I can start this magazine is a testament to what is possible. As a member of the hardcore scene each and every one of us is entitled to those possibilities. Our opportunities are not restricted by our ability to make money for some publishing company or record label, and we are not divided into consumers and producers. We are all free to play music, to write, to draw, to speak, to argue, to create, and the only true limitation on our creative out-pour is that we continue to support that scene which allowed us to exist.

So, in the spirit of possibilities, I do not believe I can tell you what is and isn't hardcore by listening to the sounds you make. But still this magazine cannot cover everything, and some sort of limits must be created and

utilized to limit the scope of coverage. I have defined hardcore as an evolving ideology of independence and self-determination, and therefore *Heartattack* will not be covering things that seem to be at odds with these ideas.

The first limiting criteria is the U.P.C. code or U.P.C. bar. These are the inventory accounting strips placed on everything from apple pie filling to zip-lock bags. When a company makes a product they pay the U.P.C. company some amount of money to get a code for their product. In the record industry the U.P.C. code is the difference between getting distributed in the major chain stores or only in the smaller "mom and pop" stores where U.P.C. codes are not used. But more importantly the U.P.C. code symbolizes big business and the transformation of music from a form of expression into a commodity to be bought and sold. When labels begin putting U.P.C. codes on their records it is a sign that they will have less to do with the underground as an alternative to the mainstream, and more to do with the mainstream music industry as a competitor. The U.P.C. code is big business.

After all, putting U.P.C. codes on your records so that you can get your stuff sold in the mall at the corporate chain store is a sign of endorsement for that corporate chain store. The chain store is killing independent music. Every time a new outlet opens it makes it that much harder for the locally owned record store to stay in business. Big business and corporate America are wiping out the entire concept of locally owned and independently operated shops and stores. And every band or person or label that has ever put out their first 7" knows that the corporate store in the new mall will do nothing to help you, while the locally owned and independent stores will certainly give your 7" a little space in their store. Hardcore is about diversity, while chain stores are about conformity. So if something has a U.P.C. Code or U.P.C. Bar sticker on it then it will not be reviewed or advertised in *Heartattack*.

The second limiting factor is the connection to larger companies and corporate America. Doing a record label is about a lot more than signing bands and putting together some art work. Putting out records is about getting the labels made, contacting the pressing plant, finding a printer to do the covers and inserts, and then, when the whole thing is out, it is about trying to get the records out to stores, mailorders, and small distributors. Today, a lot of people just cut through all that and sign press and distribute (P&D) deals with large companies. Under this relationship the label just gets the music together with the artwork and the bigger label gets everything made, finances it, and does all the distribution. The actual experience of running a label or putting out a record is eliminated as is the knowledge of the whole process. Hardcore is not about taking the easy way out by buying into the established record making business, but rather it is about doing it yourself. For this reason, *Heartattack* will not be reviewing anything that

Heartattack

Hardcore

• ISSUE #1, MARCH 1994 •

DEADLINES: *Heartattack* is a bi-monthly magazine. The deadline for any particular issue is the first day of the next scheduled release date. The release months are as follows:

March • May • July • September • November • January

STORES: If you would like to get copies of *Heartattack* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or fax them at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in *Heartattack*.

EDITOR/ASSHOLE: Kent McClard

PEOPLE THAT DID SHIT: Brett Hall, Lisa Oglesby, Marianne Hofstetter, Sonia Skindrud, Jamey Billig, Frank Burkhard, Leslie Kahan, Ani Mukherji, Melissa Beuoy, Michael Ruehle, Rob Fracisco.

CONTRIBUTORS: Peter Horen, Kevin Sabarese, Richard Corbridge, Daisy Rooks, Charles Maggio, Karin Gimbus, Josh MaCohee, Andrew Orlando, and Archie Bunker.

EUROPEAN CONTACTS: If you're looking to get small quantities of HaC then you can either get them from Ebullition Records or you can contact the following people in these countries:

X-MIST — Meisenweg 10/72202 Nagold/W-Germany

FUSE — Po Box 447/9000 Gent/Belgium

AWA — Po Box 487/Bradford/W, Yorks/BD1 4UZ/England

GREEN RECORDS — Via Faloppio 38/35100 Padova/Italy

LAISSEZ-NOUS JOUER — 20 Avenue Verdier/92 124 Montrouge Cedex/France

DEMOS: Beginning in issue #2 HaC will be doing demo reviews. All demos must have covers and they must be available for sale. No live tapes, no practice tapes, and no promo tapes. Doing a demo means making a cover, putting together a lyric sheet and trying to sell them through the mail and at shows. The death of the demo means that there are just that many more bad records coming out.

OTHER SHIT: Because of the large number of copies that are being printed and the extremely low cover price, HaC will not be making very much money. But we need to get some computer equipment and some other supplies in order to keep going, and since it doesn't look as though the 'zine can bring in the money we will probably do a benefit compilation on Ebullition in order to meet these needs. If you are in a band that might be interested then please get in contact for more information. The bands will get a small number of copies for themselves, and they will get a page in the booklet, but they will need to pay for their own recording costs.

Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition Records. Send all contributions, letters, photos, articles, records, 'zines, ads, correspondence, and what-have-you to:

Heartattack
PO BOX 848
GOLETA, CA 93116
phone (805) 964-6111 • fax (805) 964-2310

• TOP 10 •

The review process really only tells you what one person thought, while the top ten concept gives you an idea of what several people were into over a small space of time. Records, CDs, 'zines, live shows, games, or what the fuck...

Lisa Oglesby • an escapee from Candy Land

FIVE O - Falling Through 7"
 SECOND STORY WINDOW - 7"
 STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... LPx2
 JAWBREAKER - 24 Hour Revenge... LP
 HUGGYBEAR - Long Distance Lovers 7"

Kent McClard • Ebullition Records

MOHINDER - O Nation, You Bleed... 7"
 NAVIO FORGE - As We Quietly... 12"
 MANUMISSION/LOS CRUDOS - 7"
 ACME - 7"/FINGER PRINT - 2nd 7"
 STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... LPx2

Charles Maggio • Gern Blandstein Records

EVERGREEN 12"
 LOS CRUDOS - s/t 7" & live
 ASS FACTOR 4 - 7"
 RYE - demo/CHAIN TO THREAD - demo
 DON CABALLERO - First Hits 7"

Peter Hoeren • Crucial Response Records

STAND OFF - 7"
 SPAWN/FEEDING THE FIRE - 7"
 JOHN HENRY WEST - 7"
 VOORHEES - flexi
 UNDERTOW - Stalemate 7"

Kevin Sabarese • Old Glory Records • Iconoclast

HOOVER - LP & live
 STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... LPx2
 NATIVE NOD - Bread 7"
 ECONOCHRIST - Skewed 7"
 FINGER PRINT - 2nd 7"

Mike Ruehle • Pig Fuckers

UNHERD - 12"
 JAWBREAKER - 24 Hour Revenge... LP
 STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... LPx2
 MANUMISSION/LOS CRUDOS - 7"
 COLD WORLD - Pretentious Assholes 7"

Frank Burkhard • a disciple of grind

MAGIC, the gathering
 3-WAY CUM - Battle Of Opinions 7"
 ENT/KLF - 3 am Eternall 7"
 NAKED AGGRESSION - Plastic World 7"
 HIATUS - From Resignation... LP

Melissa Beauoy • Ebullition slave

MOSS ICON - live/studio LP
 POLICY OF 3 - Dead Dog Summer LP
 JAWBREAKER - live
 STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... LPx2
 FLOODGATE - Troubles A Brewin' LP

Marianne Hofstetter

FIVE O - 7"
 COPOUT - live
 BLEED - advance tape
 FINGER PRINT - 2nd 7"
 TURNKEY - 7"

Brett Hall • have guitar, want band

MOHINDER - O Nation, You Bleed... 7"
 TEENAGE DEVO OF HORROR - 'zine
 NATIVE NOD - Bread 7"
 FIVE-O - Fall Through 7"
 STRUGGLE - 12"

is connected to any major label, put out by big business, or produced through some P&D deal.

Certainly, there are some good records, and maybe even some good magazines, that are made through P&D arrangements, and there are obviously some great records that have come out with U.P.C. codes on them, but those releases already have the support of corporate America and big business, they don't need a review or an ad in some small time alternative 'zine that is dedicated to covering independent and do-it-yourself releases. *HeartattaCk* is here to support a scene that is based on rebellion, expression, independence, self-reliance, and individuality. It is here to support a scene that needs support, and it is a part of that scene. *HeartattaCk* is hardcore in the sense that it is made by people that love hardcore for the purpose of supporting hardcore.

The most important thing that ever happened in my life was that I discovered hardcore and the endless possibilities that this scene has made for me. Hardcore has allowed me to discover myself, it has allowed me to start a record label, to tour Europe, to put out a 'zine, and hardcore taught me how to write, how to voice my own opinion, and how to think critically. Hardcore has been a liberating force in my life. It has changed my way of thinking, my way of eating, my very lifestyle, and it will ultimately influence every single action and thought I ever have from this day on. *HeartattaCk* is in the end my way of trying to give something back to that scene that helped to create me. I have no intention of using hardcore as a stepping stone to some other plane of existence, and therefore *HeartattaCk* is designed to support only those activities that are solidly placed in this scene.

If you don't like it then you can always start your own magazine. Hardcore was created by people that were dissatisfied by what was already out there. The possibilities are boundless, and the only one left to blame is yourself. Fight back.

— Kent

Hello Mr. Kent,

I'd also like to say you were right-on with your column concerning Rain Like The Sound Of Trains. I personally think they suck, but that doesn't mean they're not punk.
Chad Miller/1717 Miller Ave/
Westlake, LA 70669

HaC,

I've become used to the fact that I'm as insignificant as it is possible to be in the grand scheme of things. I don't matter. I like it that way: I have no desire to matter. None whatsoever. Most of the people I care about are the same; we care about each other, I guess, but that's about it. We all submerge ourselves in what is possibly the most insignificant and meaningless culture that exists today. We are all into punk rock; we labor under the impression that if we work really hard and put out records and put on shows and make music that we're doing something noble and subversive. We are wrong. We do not matter. Punk rock won't change the world. Ever.

That's fine, though. I don't have to change the world. I don't think I could; if I did, I'd probably fuck it up worse. Hell, I doubt I could make an impact at all on the world in general; there's a lot of fucking people out there who are more intelligent and capable than I am. I can change the world of punk rock, though. My life means something in the punk rock world; I actually have the potential to make an impact here.

Punk rock saved my life. There is no way I could have survived adolescence without it. The people who saved my life were the people who put out records and fanzines and the people who got the stuff I put out. That's why punk rock is the best thing in the world; it's the place where the self-hating 16 year old kid I used to be could put his feelings out in the open for everyone

to see and not get ridiculed for it. I think I've gotten more out of punk rock than I've put in. It has made my life worth living.

I love punk rock more than I love anything in the world. I've never been able to make a relationship work; I think that's because I've essentially married myself to this culture. Being a punk means more to me than anything; I would rather die than stop. It is the only thing in my life that never does me wrong; even when school and work and people turn to shit, I've still got punk rock. I know how corny this paragraph is; I feel like I'm writing copy for a Hallmark card or something. This is all true, though. In real life I'm a pathetic fucking loser, but I'm a pretty decent punk. That makes me useful enough to jus-

people who hurt like you do. Punk rock has been there for me when no one else has. It is the only thing I believe in anymore. I don't care that it is insignificant and meaningless; it gets me out of bed in the morning and makes me able to go on living.

Michael McLellan/Box 50574/Colombia, SC 29250

HaC,

Remember straightedge? Remember how cool you felt when you and your friends were listening to Bold and Youth of Today while marking big red X's on your hands? It felt so great, kind of the same feeling you got when you and the same friends passed around some joints after the straight edge "fad" went out and the

new hip-hop marijuana thing came in. Straight edge for me never was and never

will be a trend. I am straightedge for personal reasons: I always like to be in control of what I'm doing, I think of drugs and alcohol as a crutch, something that people become dependent upon, something they can pour their money into, something they can use as an excuse for a "good time" on a boring night, something that totally weakens and destroys their entire self. I like being straight edge and living my life off of my own strength and getting to know my true self, not some chemically inflated image. Call me self-righteous.

I didn't become straightedge because of the music. Well, the term "straight edge" essentially comes from the music, but the feelings that I had about drugs and alcohol were things that I already had and that I could relate to in the music. The music just reinforced it. It's not like I was drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette while reading the Minor Threat lyrics and then throwing the shit away afterwards because of what they said. I was just a really young kid who could understand and relate to what songs like "Straight

Send in your ideas and thoughts

WOrds On paper

Communication is the most important skill of all

tify going on living, I guess.

I'm just reaching my 20's; that's the time when most people grow out of their punk rock phase and shift into career mode. My friend Alex and I talked about this the other night; this is when being a punk gets weird. I want to work shit jobs and live in a punk rock world for the rest of my life. I wish I could explain to my parents and to other people why I want to do that, but I really could never explain it to anyone. That's not me being elitist; I just could never tell anyone who isn't part of the punk rock world what it's like. It's a whole different world for me; there's real life and then there's punk rock and I'm a part of the punk rock world rather than the real world. I think I'm stuck here, too, and I can't think of any place I'd rather be.

I get so excited about all things punk. I think I have much more in common with the hordes of 15 year olds with mohawks and Crass records than I do with my peers. I don't trust people with futures. I don't trust people who aren't geeky fuckups. Punk rock is about helping other

Edge" and "Out Of Step" were about. I was feeling the same things and I was like "Fuck yeah, this is something I can get into". Since then I have been totally straight edge. I've slipped twice, mainly out of curiosity, but that was a long time ago and both times I totally regretted it and got right back into straight edge because it is what feels right to me. That's the main thing, if it feels right to you, do it. If you're just going to do it for "acceptance" by the new temporary hardline straight edge crew then just forget it. It has to come from inside. Straight edge is the life for me because I feel it inside me and it relates to everything I do. I have my reasons and I'm totally secure with them, I'd be the same way even if there were no other straight edgers in existence. I don't know what the reasons of people who drink, smoke, or do drugs are so I can't judge them. If you're straight edge then that's great, I hope you stay true forever, stay true to yourself, not the prescribed group ethic. There's not too many of us left, but we have to remember that we're no better than anyone who is not straight edge. It's more than a trend, it's more than a fashion, it's the way I live my life. I hate everything about alcohol, drugs, and cigarettes, and all that shit but I'm not some morally supreme god who's here to judge and condemn..."I'm a person just like you but..." I think you all know the words. I'm out. Peace.

Joe O'Brien/*Monkeywrench* fanzine/
17 Princeton St./Holyoke, MA 01040

HaC.

Why do I care anymore? Is hardcore dead? Is straight edge dead? Does it matter? Well, yes, I think it does. It matters a lot. Two years ago, I got involved with the hardcore scene here in Boston. I was excited to be a part of something I thought was making a difference. Here I am, it's 1994, and we haven't moved. We may have even moved backwards. It's kind of depressing. No wonder Ian MacKaye and Tim Yohannon are jaded. I can't imagine what it must be like to

watch something I've participated in and dedicated my life to for more than 10 years degenerate into a marketing campaign for the Pepsi generation. If two years of ramming my head into a brick wall over and over again makes me feel this way, then I can't fathom what it must be like after ten years. Yet something keeps me doing this. It's the only place I feel like I belong. I can't let it die, because it would be like letting part of myself die, an important part of myself. Weighty though these ponderings may be, I think that in the inaugural issue of this production it is only fit to address these concerns.

Part I. Things are pretty dead here in Boston. The only punk band of any repute is Doc Hopper. Since Nevertheless broke up there hasn't been any credible "political" punk band. As far as hardcore goes, straight edge bands are crawling out of the woodwork. Only a few are really original or very interesting. Converge, Dive, Bound, and Daltonic come to mind. My band, Gratitude, seems to finally be getting under way, but enough of the scene report stuff. Things have been pretty dull since Bobby and Linc and Alyssa and the whole Tools crew moved away, but we make do with what we have...

Part II. Yes, I am straight edge. I admit it freely and of my own will. I have been known to wear and "X" on my hand from time to time. I think that that's mostly a unity thing. It's a show of solidarity, an indication that I'm proud of what I am and not afraid to say what I believe in. It isn't a clique, and it isn't a crew, it's a way of life. At least for me, I hope it always will be. I think the strongest reasons for avoiding drugs and alcohol are political, and as the old saying goes, the political is personal. Supporting the companies which purvey beer is supporting the same companies whose advertisements equate alcohol consumption with sex and power over women, and the same companies which ruthlessly exploit inner cities, invariably populated principally by minorities, where dismal economic conditions and brutally racist social mores lead the

young ethnic male to turn to malt liquor for escape. To buy pot from your "pal" up the hall is to support the murdering, raping, and plundering of the American government which I suspect is covertly responsible for a lot of the drugs being imported into the country today. It's also supporting the child murdering, blackmailing, stealing, subhuman swine responsible for the death of my Uncle. All this is not to mention the fact that these substances have been proven beyond a reasonable doubt by reputable scientists to cause permanent and irrevocable damage to the human body which we have to live with until the day we die. I don't need liver disease from liquor, I don't need brain damage from pot, and I don't need to die of a heroin overdose. "Death is not glamorous..." It isn't very fashionable to be sXe these days. A lot of the kids who are sXe perhaps may place too great an emphasis on fashion, or being a scenester, and many are just plain insincere, but I'd rather have kids competing to see who's more vegan than who can consume the most vodka in a night. A lot of the time, it is the sXe kids who do the shows, who do the 'zines, who just plain give a flying leap. I think that's why a lot of people who aren't into sXe try to categorize us as just a clique or social club. In some places it may be just that, but hell, it's all what you make of it. It all means just what you want it to. We don't all sit around all day listening to Strife. Today I've listened to Downcast, Crimpshrine, and right now I'm listening to Cringer. Tomorrow maybe I'll listen to Bold. The important thing is, they're all bands that had (or have) something to say. That's what sXe is all about. Well, I probably shouldn't ramble on for too long about a subject that's already been beaten half-to-death. Anyone interested in corresponding: Justin Kollar/5 Buswell St. apt. 7/Boston, MA 02215

HaC.

FUCK YOU, HARDCORE BABBOTS! When I heard that Kent will start an alternative to the MRR

monopoly I was very excited. The first thing I thought of was that it could be the first international 'zine and it could build a two way bridge between the punk scene of the States and the other scenes in the rest of the world, because at the moment something like this doesn't exist. A lot of Europeans think that the U.S. hardcore scene is heaven on earth. People here consume nearly everything that comes from the States, no matter how bad it is. Thousands of lousy American bands come here every year and get a lot of money for their gigs. Most of the people go to these "big" U.S. bands' shows, so the crowd becomes so overfed that it doesn't care anymore for the local bands' shows. On the other hand, the U.S. scene isn't very interested in what is going on in Europe (I use Europe as an example because it is what I know). Very few people in the States are open minded enough to buy foreign records. Is it because it is not their language or because the singer has such a stupid accent?

Fuck that, it is American hardcore imperialism. There is nearly no way for a European band to tour in the States, and nobody notices how many cool European bands exist. I hope *HaC* will be the first effort that succeeds in bringing both scenes a bit closer together. Open your mind. There is not only the States.

In the crusade of "alternative" music as an economically profitable business hardcore became a part of the market strategies. It became a fashion. It's not more than music anymore? Don't worry! I won't cry about that again, because there is no use in living in memories or lamenting about sellouts. They are not worth it. Forget them. You decide how dead this scene is. You can make the difference and decide which bands, labels, etc. you support. Fuck these old farts and open your mind to new things. That's a never ending process of discovery and loss of bands, individuals and their products you used to respect or even love, but traditional views and rules kill all the creativity in this process. In a time when even *MRR*

reduces punk to music, introduces rules and decided what is punk and what is not, the only way to be a threat again is to be yourself.

"No rules" were the words that were characteristic for this scene for a long time. But to be honest: there are only a few things that are so overfed with rules like the momentary hardcore scene. There are so many "styles" or types with their own rules, imprisoned in their little cages. Being S.E. you have to conform to certain rules, being a crustie punk you have to..., being P.C. you are not allowed to... All these little scenes isolate themselves more and more and forget their common origin in punk. They create so many rules that all spontaneity and diversity is killed. Out comes a poor dogmatic scene that judges things unpunk or un... that doesn't fit in their catalogue. Do things that don't conform to a certain style. Offend (for example, Hammerhead, the best European hardcore band). Discover new things. Diversity is punk. No rules, you hardcore babbots.

Florian Opitz/Heschenbachstr. 23/76530 Baden Baden/Germany

HaC,

I really like the idea behind *HeartattaCk*. It's not even so much that I disagree with a lot of the *MRR* policies (although I do), but that it has become less of an addition to the flow of information and ideas in this underground and more of a controller of it. It's not that I have anything particular against Tim Yohannan and certainly not the staff at *MRR*, but I simply don't like the idea of the product of one person's decisions and influences being enough to ruin or make successful some one else's output. I think you understand what I'm trying to say. I think something like *HeartattaCk* was long in coming, and especially with *MRR*'s decision that only "punk" material was worthy of review in such an influential magazine for the entire DIY scene, and that "punk" was essentially a long-ago established music style (indeed, if this had been applied to

rock'n'roll in the early '70s then there'd have been no punk rock, and if it had been applied in the late '70s then punk would still be drunk morons in leather jeans kicking the shit out of each other to the noise of rock stars... it seems like a willingness to stray from your conventionally accepted ideas, including the ones you hold about music, is one of the many things "punk" has been about).

Scott Something/Po Box 1313/Nevada City, CA 95959

HaC,

Overall I think your new 'zine endeavor is a laudable venture, but sometimes I wonder if what is being created in the "punk community" is not a dialogue but rather a schism that will further tear us apart. Indeed, *MRR* has its faults but isn't it the best resource for punk and hardcore kids to disseminate and receive information on a consistent basis? Personally, some of the things that were rejected for review are things that I like very much (e.g. the *Railhead* LP and the *RLT/SOT 7"*) but conversely I can understand Tim Yohannan's Pavlovian reaction to records that aren't "punk" or "hardcore" enough that are being sent in for review. In the current soundscape of post-Nirvana alternative rock a lot of shitty music is trying to be passed off as "punk" or "hardcore," let me illustrate my point with a line from a review of the *Orange 9mm* EP in one of my school's newspapers; the reviewer called the record "The only good hardcore band around today." I just got finished listening to the CD and guess what—it bites. It's not a hardcore record, instead it is a lame attempt at trying to convince younger kids that this is what hardcore is supposed to sound like; from its glossy cover to wannabe Quicksand song structures it fails. I realize that I've opened up the entire debate as to: What is hardcore, et cetera, but I'm not going to tackle that one in this letter; anyway, I hope the 'zine is received well.

Patrick Tutek/Fordham Univ./Station 37/Box 1136/Bronx, NY 10458



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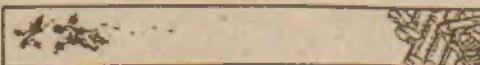
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Actually, I like to call myself Jamey (Richard Billig), and I think of myself as a series of experiences, not as a series of integers. Said experiences are presumably what qualifies me to write this column. "And just what are my qualifications?" you ask. Hardcore punk-wise, I've been listening since I grew out of metal. I'm no longer a teenager, but haven't cleared the quarter century mark. I think of myself as a youth despite my receding hairline. I've published a fanzine on and off over the years. Much to my embarrassment, I sang for a band and currently co-sing for another band, though still somewhat in embryo. I've done low-key show promotion, and attended many others. I've put out several records by various bands, some of which are available from Ebullition mailorder. I've travelled more than the average human, and met many other persons involved in the hardcore punk world in the process. Most of my friends are similarly involved in the scene. Politically I'm a bipartisan radical. I support anarchists and communists (as well as democrats when necessary). I go to protests, rallies, and minor actions.

I believe this is all irrelevant, but I've never read an intro-column that didn't have it. If it offers you insight to see through my biases, all the better, but bias is the reason I think that it's not relevant. I hold that the truth is independent of the speaker. Example: Skrewdriver announce they've become vegetarians and march in a rally for women's rights. I still compare them unfavorably to feces stuck in the tread of my shoe because they are fascist, racist scum. This does not mean I'll suddenly start eating hamburgers and spouting pro-life nonsense because someone I despise says I shouldn't. And the same conversely, I would not vote republican or do some other crime because say, Star Trek (which I think rather highly of) proclaims I should (it never has, incidentally). My point is that the important part is the message and not its speaker. Which, to be honest, is a large part of the reason I'm using my social security number as a moniker; anonymity so you might get the content and not the personality. But as implied, there are much more sinister aspects...

You are not a person, you are a number. Our society is not so authoritarian as to tattoo it on your forearm, but you are indelibly coded for life. In one case I heard of, 'til death. A man who was getting medication preventing death was declared dead based on an error

in numbering, and consequently was deleted from the hospital files and so was unable to get his medicine and as a result did in fact die. So it was a self fulfilling prophecy because to the hospital he was more real as a number in the computer than he was as a person in the flesh. A personal favorite in film, the movie *Brazil*, has a character arrested, tortured, and killed as a result of a clerical error. Fictional humor it is not. Many people have been executed and later found to be innocent by the courts. These are just a few examples of governmental dehumanization, but I'll give you another example on a level you've surely been part to (since I suspect none of *HeartattaCk*'s readers have been denied crucial medicine or have been executed by the state), the UPC code on most products, one of the taboos of this mag. A friend of mine argues that they are a labor saving device, something helpful. Yes, helpful to the people marketing the products. Helpful in gathering demographic information on how rats behave, which ad campaigns are effective, and how they can move more 'units'. They are a perfect example of a system of impersonal numerification. Yeah, well that's just the way things work. Except that no, they don't work except for the people who use dehumanization as a convenient means of monitoring or controlling. The rest of us get treated as insignificant numbers. And will continue to be treated as insignificant numbers until you refuse to be treated as such. I hope you have no illusions to the contrary. P.S. 'Strength in numbers, man.'



DAISY ROOKS

what to do with her body. So why does a woman have the right to decide what happens to her baby's body?" It's funny, really it is.

Although the existence of conservative propaganda within the hardcore scene should come as no surprise, I've been running into a lot of it lately. Upon getting hooked up to the sXe e-mail list through my school, I have come in contact with some of the country's finest thinkers, discussing such relevant subjects as mace, sXers with long hair, and whether or not it's a good idea to date girls who smoke.

No. Fuck your weakness, asshole.

"... it's just really sad and depressing that most of the people within the hardcore scene are pro-choice," reads one of the more enlightening letters to come by my way this fall. This letter was a response to an article I read that begins by saying, "I have no right to tell a woman

The signal that notified me to get off of the list was probably a new found insistence on promotion of the celibateXedge. "We are all whores. We are all sluts. I will abstain," says our friend from above. OK... Sure, abstinence is a great concept, and even really good in reality - but proposing it as another rung on the ladder to moral purity is way off. This "new" crusade defines sex as completely out of control, evil, disgusting and completely disconnected from love in almost all circumstances. And, coupled with the hardline concept of a "natural order" that excludes homosexuality, polygamy and promiscuity, clearly defines the rules, once again, as good versus evil. We must denounce this "filthy, vile, disgusting, std-infested" sex, they say, so that we can rise above our awful animalistic urges, and once again set ourselves on the path of "correctness."

So now that sexual purity/abstinence has been defined as the greatest good, anyone who "slips up" or doesn't follow the rules to the tee, must be annihilated. And of course, the "slip up" that I'm referring to is abortion. The concept of some 16 or 19 or 35 year old man sitting down and writing me to tell me that I need to be pro-life is ridiculous. The mere thought of these sentiments coming from someone who considers him/herself "alternative/progressive/punk" makes me laugh. To support a consistently oppressive, racist, and classist movement that is designed to remove women's control over their own bodies and sexuality, can in no way be considered revolutionary.

But when I attempt to challenge what is going on here and try to infuse some ideas about women's rights to self-determination and autonomy into this stagnant forum, I am shot down as a sinning murderous whore. Not in so many words, of course, but just wait and I guarantee that they'll surface eventually. "What about the babies?" they'll scream until they're blue in the face but to that I say fuck right off, what about me? As a living, functioning being, I have the right to make decisions concerning my own life. I have the right to decide when, how and with whom I have sex, and if/when it is "right" for me to have an abortion. I must be "allowed" the power to exercise any other kind of authority over my life. To argue to the contrary is a load of shit.

From where I sit, this cycle looks pretty clear to me. First "we're" talking animal rights and beginning to use that as a justification for "our" superiority, then the next thing I know it's OK to call girls sluts and homos unnatural, if they are being "impure" and "bad". Don't you see? The plan is, to construct your own revolution where you are already the pure/elite, where you will win no matter what. No challenge here, no need to try to educate yourself or deal with your own inconsistencies if you have already reached the apex of evolution. Yeah, what a fucking revolution is being waged in the hearts and minds of our nations youth. Great, so you're already putting on benefits for D.A.R.E. and screaming the mass-media slogans of "just say no," while at the same time denouncing MTV as an evil tool of the government. Of

course, all the while failing to recognize that you, in fact, are being used as the tool yourself.

And you'd never even know that it was happening from the increasing persistence on \$5.00 shows and \$3.00 seven inches. But that's not enough if the methods behind the slogans are not realized. But then again, "they" never understand them, do they? Being punk must be about being a threat, about actively resisting this oppressive, homophobic, racist, and sexist society we live in. It's about making our own networks and investing the extra time needed to negotiate our own distro, not just selling our souls to Dutch East and trying to get into Tower. It's about relying on ourselves and acknowledging our own strengths and weaknesses, not just blindly latching onto bullshit sloganeering and ready-made republican morality. The right is rising among us, and we must fight it long and hard in order to retain any sense of punk integrity, here.

Daisy Rooks/Always Screaming/Box #950 McIntosh/3001 Broadway/NY, NY 10027-6598



God this column has been hell to write. I feel like I'm writing a college entrance essay or something, like when you're supposed to write about a personal experience and for the life of you, you can't think of anything to write. Here I am writing a column for a brand new 'zine which doesn't even exist as I'm spilling this onto the page, no one has defined for me what I'm "supposed" to write about, the type of ideas to express are only limited by the DIY conception of the 'zine, yet I feel like I'm locked up, I have to write something to try to stop this 'zine from becoming what so many other punk 'zines have. I want to start talking about some things before it's too late.

Well, let me just spill this stuff out before I explode and confuse everything 'till it's undecipherable: I'm pretty much an affluent white male who is writing for a primarily affluent white audience. I don't want my column or this 'zine as a whole to be as exclusionary and alienating to other groups and individuals as so many other "punk" 'zines and bands are. I don't wish to be so safe anymore. Punk is way too safe for people like me and too dangerous for people who aren't like me. If I wanted to be safe I could watch sit-coms on TV, I could watch the news, I could go see about 95% of the movies that come out, I could enjoy all the creations of dominant affluent white culture. If I wanted to be entertained by racist, sexist, classist, heterosexist shit, I could partake in any of the previous, why should I get the same shit from punk? It's getting to the point where the music isn't

good enough to make it worth all the fucked up shit that tends to come with it. And what's even worse, why can I write or do sexist/racist/classist/heterosexist shit within the punk community and get away with it? I've done it in the past and inevitably I'll do it again here and in the future, but what are the chances that anyone's going to call me on it? Or even realize I've done it? I (and the "punk scene" in general) need to spend a lot more time thinking about the repercussions and implications of our words and actions. I don't want to talk about everything in generalities like punk-types (myself included, of course) are prone to do. I don't want to hear songs by all-boy punk bands about nebulous and blatantly obvious sexist concepts ("rape culture" and "suggestion"). Those songs are fine, but it's about time men get beyond them and start dealing with something a little more helpful and real. It's too easy for men (myself included again) to wrap themselves in pseudo-feminism so their personal sexist words and actions never get called into question. Sort of like the band on the *Give Me Back* comp. LP that cares so much about women and are so non-sexist that they took a man who had assaulted a woman they were also friends with on tour to Europe with them because their little boys club was more important than her safety/body/mental state. Why is this shit so hush, hush? Why haven't tons of people called the band on their shit? Why did I wait 'till I was writing this column to call up a member of the band to confront him on it? Why am I so scared to say the actual name of the band, they broke up already anyway? Why am I already pointing fingers at other people instead of talking about the sexist shit I'm guilty of? If I'm so anxious to talk about and fight sexism why don't I start by talking about myself? It's not easy, I mean that's what I intended to write about here yet most of this has been the same generalities I'm complaining about.

95% of the records I own and books/zines I read are by men. I'm so interested in being non-sexist yet for the most part I ignore all attempts by women (esp. women in my community) to express themselves. Friends of mine who run riot grrrl press have a catalog of 100+ 'zines done by women that they distribute, all of which I have easy access too, yet at most I've read 15-20 of them. I almost feel silly talking about this stuff since there's no forum within punk in general to talk about sexism (or racism, etc.) in anything other than cliched catch phrases and dualistic pro-choice/pro-life sloganizing. I'm supposedly in this "alternative" radical scene that's actively fighting sexism yet when I'm talking to any of my male punk friends the last thing we talk about is our sexism. Talking about records is a lot more comfortable and then it's much easier to pretend we're the anti-sexist men we claim to be. We both (my imaginary male punk friend and I) talk 90% more in our conversations with most of our female friends than they do, but we never try to help each other figure that out and find a way to deal with it, never mind talk to our female friends about it. We both

12 get turned on by women with big breasts and high

heels but we can't talk about it because we know better, we know we've been programmed by society to feel the ways we do, so it's not really our fault and we don't have to admit that it exists. We can't fight it together, for some reason it's too uncomfortable, too embarrassing, and it's really hard to talk about sex in non-sexist ways with other men anyway because talking about sex with people gets real personal and makes me feel close to that person and shit, I'm straight but not narrow (read: sarcasm). And if it is talked about, it's almost always in closed conversations and not out in the open so that people can learn and share their experiences of how they are hurt by sexism or how they gain from it. All of our sexuality has been distorted and focused exclusively into our genital area, our sexuality is hyper-charged so we can't touch each other at all unless it's in a sexual context (or ritualistic and macho dancing/stage diving, etc.) and even then our partners are expected or forced to make us ejaculate, more often than not at the expense of the pleasure available to the rest of our body and their enjoyment. Men have to start figuring this shit out amongst themselves and it doesn't seem like it's happening too fast. It's always just easier for men to slag on riot grrrl than confront the fact that some of their own actions might be sexist.

Most of my sexism that I'm aware of has been pointed out to me by women, that's fucked up because it's my job to figure this stuff out, not the job of the women who have to put up with the my sexist shit already. If I'm oppressing someone, it should not be their responsibility to tell me. If I care about them I should be actively trying to figure it out myself! When it comes right down to it, I spend 10x as much time writing about sexism and the privileges I gain from the patriarchal society we all live in then actually doing anything about it. I benefit from sexism and unless I try to expose how I benefit then it's ridiculous for me to consider myself a feminist or non-sexist. I even benefit in some ways from talking about this shit, I get to prove just how anti-sexist and special I am, instead of the focus being on the fact that it's a responsibility and a necessity for me and all men to deal with these things.

Before I finish, I just like to say that at least 75% of what I've written here has already been written or said by women. I find it really discouraging that women have spent more time helping men fight sexism then men have helped themselves (or women!). I'd also like to say that I'm sorry this is so disorganized, I'm just trying to figure all this out. Hopefully in the future I'll be able to write columns dealing with specific issues I've brought up here, I just felt like I needed to get all of it out right away to give an idea and introduction to where I'm coming from. I also didn't intend this to be a grand introduction to my guilt trip. I am sick of feeling guilty about this stuff, that's why I want to do something about it. It really sucks that this was so hard to write, it shouldn't feel like some monumental task to face sexism (maybe it is?). I'm angry that every man isn't writing about this, it would

certainly make it easier for me to. If anyone is at all interested in reading things by women peers, I strongly suggest sending a stamp for a catalog to Riot Girrl Press/PO Box 73308/Washington, DC 20009. Also, there's a pretty good (if a little outdated) book out that deals specifically with men fighting sexism. It's called For Men Against Sexism and it's edited by Jon Snodgrass and published by Times Change Press/Albion, CA 95410. I encourage anyone to read it. Lastly, if I said something really dumb, please write me about it c/o *Heartattack*, thanks.



Being that this is the first issue of this magazine, and that most of you don't know me too well, I decided to relate a true story that directly influenced my life and the path that it eventually took.

There were five of us that walked home from middle school everyday, myself, my best friend from across the street, two kids that lived a couple of blocks away, and the school bully (whom I'll refer to as Rob, because that's his name). Rob never fucked with my best friend, for reasons unknown, but even though we were friends he had no problems living up to his bully role with the rest of us. He often used us as punching bags, dart boards, tackling dummies etc... Getting on with the story, we were walking up the large hill that leads to our houses, and Rob plants his new sneakers in a fresh pile of dog shit causing him to slip and almost fall. Immediately the smell hit our nasal passages, smiles came across our faces, and I loudly exclaimed, "Ha, Rob stepped in DOG SHIT." This lead to a chorus of laughter from the other three members of our crew, while it put an extremely terrifying look in Rob's eyes. A look that immediately shut everyone up and look around as nothing had happened (almost whistling out loud). Then, all of this happening in a span of about 5 seconds, Rob grabbed me, threw me to the ground and proceeded to use me as a doormat/shoe shine stand for his freshly dog soiled sneakers. Immediately my three friends, who just seconds before had laughed so hardily with me, decided that in order to keep themselves smelling fresh, and off the ground had better find this very funny, in fact so funny that they all grabbed sticks and, after planting in the poop, decided to help Rob out with what was coming together as quite a nice abstract landscape of fresh dog shit on my back. From that day on all the people in school knew who I was (something I had always dreamed of) except I was known as the kid who Rob smeared dog shit all over. Throughout high school all the girls would pass out in excitement when Rob walked by, and pass out from embarrassment if I even tried to talk to them. Rob went on to spend five years in the U.S. Airforce in Texas somewhere, and just recently I found out that he is in jail

for beating up an ex girlfriends new boyfriend.

Well Rob, if there is any chance of you reading this in that 6X9 room you now call home, I want to thank you for smearing dog shit on me that day 12 years ago because although I cried for two or three weeks after it happened, that event started me on my slow spiral of unpopularity that led me toward and into punk rock and the whole hardcore scene. Although still shunned by the opposite sex, I've been around the U.S. four times, I've been to thirteen countries, I'm part of a record label, I've been part owner of a record store, I have pen pals all over the world, and I'm only 23 years old. MORAL: Getting shit on all your life ain't such a bad thing!



Richard Corbridge

To kick things off with, I almost felt some kind of obligation to inform you of a project that has been taking place in the UK over the last year. It's very much in the spirit of this publication you're reading now, together with certain similarities.

Over some time, the record labels, distributors, 'zines, etc. within the U.K. had pretty much splintered into many different segments, and apart from the occasional exception, been left to work by themselves, rather than jointly working mutually together, primarily for the same purpose. The level of communication within the "scene" was to be honest quite poor apart from word of mouth, and the appearance of irregular fanzines. The potential certainly existed for something greater (and still does), however without any kind of "unification" (for lack of a better word), things could only really decline further.

As a response we decided to establish a free regular DIY mailout as a collaboration between the DIY labels and distributors within the country, and in turn, names and addresses of people who had previously ordered from the labels and distributors involved were used to form the basis of the mailing list comprising of several hundred people.

At regular intervals throughout the year, the mailout is sent which contains each label or distributors catalogue, a classified section for individuals to use, plus a newsletter (*How We Rock*) which summarizes relevant news, and information, plus listings of forthcoming gigs and tour dates to keep everyone informed of what's going on in the country.

The costs of producing the mailout is divided between the distributors and labels involved, who in turn recoup their money from the additional orders received from individuals on the mailout. The classified sect-

ion is also used to reduce the costs involved in producing the newsletter, so everything has become self-sufficient. Donations in the form of stamps are also encouraged to help things out.

The effect on the "scene" has certainly been positive: gig attendance has improved due to people actually knowing about forthcoming gigs!; the distributors and labels have in general had a much better response as their flyers are going to the right people; the quantity of people actually on the mailing list has almost doubled since the mailout was started, and is rapidly growing. Most importantly, communication within the scene is absolutely vital, and the mailout itself serves as an essential resource to stimulate this flow. Ideally this mailout will help to try and promote a more independent and stronger "scene" here in the future, and at least to me, I think hardcore should be kept within hardcore circles, and the mailout exists to help try and encourage this notion.

I certainly wouldn't claim that this project radically transformed the "scene" in the U.K. This can only suffice as a step towards greater independence of the DIY scene, however any progression towards this goal can only be a good thing. Also any move forward towards greater self-sufficiency within our scene can only be part of the process of reclaiming control of our own lives, and it would be logical to say that it could serve as a starting point to a philosophy which we can apply to all areas of our lives.

Ideally we'd like to see the idea of the mailout spread to different countries, as already it's serving as an excellent medium here within the U.K. If you live in the U.K., send us your name and address to be added on. If you're outside the U.K., then start your own!

Contact me at Armed With Anger Records/Po box 487/Bradford. BD1 4UZ/United Kingdom

Extemporaneous.
Karin

my mind. I wonder whether this is a symptom of existence, or is my life merely a juncture of systematic chaos? I wonder, but not too long. I'm consumed with other things right now.

Music: Yeah, yeah. I've talked at length to anyone who asks about this *Maximum Rocknroll* crisis. An identity crisis is how I'd put it. What is punk, what isn't punk... Aren't there more important issues to consider? I don't have time for insipid delineations. To ignore a genre of active, 1994, this-is-the-now music is unjust, sure. In this case, it's a slap in the face to those who play something outside 3-chord, verse-chorus-verse-chorus-bridge-chorus-end (or whatever that winning formula was back then) punk/hardcore, regardless of content, political ideologies, d.i.y. ethics, etc. Yet at

the same time, *Maximum* is not an entity of shitworkers with equal say, equal input, equal output. There is one person, Tim Yohannon, who is doing the bulk of the work, and because, therefore, it's basically his 'zine, he has editorial privileges that will be exerted as he sees fit. That's where I empathize with his decisions. If I were the editor of a magazine, I too would make damn sure I was covering what I wanted to and only that. Think about it. There's a lot of shit out there. When you undertake the publication of a music 'zine, especially one that is as consistent and far reaching as *MRR* is, you end up having to weed through piles and piles of records, where much of the music doesn't even lie within your realm of coverage. If I didn't like the music, the genre, the ideas, maybe even if I thought the artwork was offensive, I seriously doubt that I'd include that item within my printed pages. I wouldn't want to represent something I had no emotional affiliations with. There's that whole "even a bad review is a good review" representation that is inherent in any review. I wouldn't want my implicitness in representation to be misunderstood as indirect support. Anyway, as it now stands in *MRR*, a couple major changes are that the editorial responsibilities of the person in charge will be expressly stated, and specific music columns will allow for coverage of genres (pop, emo/edge e.g.) not included in the review section. Anyone who associates with the latter example given, use your better judgement and if you feel compelled, send something in care of Sarah Zimmerman to the daddy of punk mags.

Onward. Spitboy stuff. How 'bout Stuff with a capital "s": There's a lot flying around, like rumors of us breaking up, alleged this, alleged that. Allow me to tell you what's up. This is an internal, expository take, and it's mine and I'm only one-quarter of the whole of Spitboy, and... and... I'm prefacing individual independence here because too often when you as one become an integral part of something slightly larger, your words become the proverbial soapbox of the whole. This is me (I), ok?

Paula quit the band in November because she has carpal tunnel syndrome in her left wrist. For those of you who don't know, a) Paula plays bass, and b) carpal tunnel affects the movement of the wrist because tendons (ligaments?) swell and cause pain and weakness in that area. I think we kind of knew this was going on while we were on tour in Europe last spring, but we thought that after a 5-month hiatus from the band's activities after tour (we were all going to be spread throughout the world logically for the summer: Paula in England, Adrienne in Minneapolis, Todd in Oakland, and I in San Francisco), any damage from playing so rigorously could heal. When we all got back together in September, things were electric. We were ecstatic, plainly put. Our first couple shows in October ignited us with an enthusiasm that we as individuals are known for. Just after that, though, the reality of Paula's wrist problem set in. It became harder and harder for her to finish sets. She and I had an

emotional exchange after an out-of-town show in Isla Vista, and it was then and there that I was hit with a sinking feeling that this was going to be it for the band. Since we had vague upcoming recording and touring plans, this hit me especially hard because I care so much for Paula and the health of us all and I also know how driven and determined we each are as people—there are tons of things we want to do, places we want to visit, people we need to see and see again. It's one of those things where if I say I'm going to do something, or if a seedling of an idea has been planted in my mind that gives me a potential plan, I'm there. I'm going to make it happen. And for Paula (all of us, really) I kept thinking, "Shit, here we are in our 20s, and we're fucking invincible, aren't we?" What would you feel if you really want to do something and you physically could not do it? That's just so heavy.

Our last show with Paula was in November. Even though its potential was in the back of my mind, I didn't think this was our last show together. I don't think Todd or Adrienne did, either. It was unspoken as such. That hit hard. We were floundering. What to do? We had never before been challenged by the thought of what Spitboy could be as something other than Adrienne, Paula, Todd and Karin. Or even if it could be. In the midst of this void, much had to be sorted out. Emotions, direction, our take on the situation... Things became convoluted when we all had the feeling that Paula was moving to England to be with Pete the Roadie. That actually is happening this summer, but my interpretation is that when something physical becomes an imposing burden in your life, like this wrist thing, optimism will allow you to look at what's happening in a way that doesn't make the negative element an entirely bad thing. It's the precursor to change in your life, but it opens you up to different opportunities, different people, a whole different milieu. And that's not bad at all. Sometimes you don't realize that you need a dramatic change until the potentials hit you head-on.

So anyway, during all this confusion I outlined some emotional direction in order to find my bearings. It was a list that went something like this:

1) the 7". It's happening with the four of us. (Actually, it happened, back in January. There were a few songs that were still unrecorded that were Paula-period songs that we wanted to document. I'm ever pleased that we got those down because it felt like a positive conclusion to that chapter. "Mi Cuerpo es Mio" should be out in the spring on Allied Recordings.)

2) Spitboy: the band, the name, the idea...

Pros-a) We're already a band. b) Are we really losing that much identity (sound, personality) in losing 1/4? c) I really like what we are doing and know we have lots of momentum (passion, ideas) to propel us forward. d) The name is out there. e) I don't think it's bad for a band to retain a name, take a break and reemerge with a new, improved, exciting set. (a.k.a. trash the old tunes.) f) We work well together and could possibly find a bass

player who's really into what we're doing; this in turn may be fuel for rekindling any burn-out this trauma has ignited. g) Just because we're expressing new themes or a new sound doesn't imply that we're not Spitboy. h) We've got plans: a 7", a U.S. tour, more tours (...?). We're constantly developing ideas for potential band activities. i) It'd be very sad to start over, more or less. Think about all the effort put into the band until now and about how much more life we feel it still has for us.

Cons-a) We're losing 1/4 of what made Spitboy Spitboy. Is our band the four of us? b) We're tired of the songs. Maybe not all of them, but there's definitely something exciting about the idea of never playing them again. Ever. c) Our sound is changing. Maybe this is a sign to forge ahead with new music and lyric ideas while leaving the old behind. We could look at it as a natural transition from what we once did to what we are now doing. New name, new energy, new member... d) Stale? Is it possible to find a new angle to describe what "The Threat" is about? e) It's cheesy to flog the alleged dead horse. If it's not the four of us, forget it. "Don't cry over spilled soymilk." f) My feeling is that there's always something better, more exciting, etc. that lies ahead. Let's move on. g) People expect it. With all the fave bands falling to the wayside today, folks just expect that we're going to pull steadfastly through. Fuck it. (This, on the other hand, could go under the "Pro" heading and we could use this weird expectation to push us into serious forward acceleration.)

3) The U.S. tour

Pros-a) I organized well ahead of time to free those dates. I wanna use 'em! b) We already said we're going on tour. The seed has been planted; we cannot renege! c) I really want to tour. There's not a more efficient way to cram all those cities and all those people into four weeks. d) Maybe we could find a bass player to fill in for us. e) Citizen Fish wants to meet up with us. How absolutely brilliant. f) Cuz we're going to knock our socks off doing it: our songs, our passion, our meaning, our attitudes, our relationship with people we see on the road, etc. I feel I could go on and on. g) People are already calling about setting up tour dates. Geez.

Cons-a) We don't have a bass player. b) Booking a tour is hard work. It's not like we've started making the calls or even discussed the basic logistics framework; therefore there's absolutely nothing on the line. c) We don't have a van in working order. d) There are many other things I can do with four weeks off work. e) Do we know anyone who could fill in on bass proficiently (1) learning the songs and (2) playing the songs live... and could we spend a month on the road with this person? f) Why put so much effort into something which could end the day we return? g) Is it just the next logical step in a series of logical steps: start a band, practice, play a first show, record for compilations, do an L.A./San Diego weekend, make stickers, make t-shirts, go on a 2-week jaunt, record a 7", do a U.S. coast-to-coast tour, record an LP, tour Europe, record a second 7", do the states again. 15

Maybe it's time to break the rules.

Well, these are some of the ideas and questions I was wrestling with back in December. It can be really good sometimes to just sit back and brainstorm what the fuck you're doing in order to get a perspective on things. As it stands now, Spitboy has a new bass player. Her name is Dominique, and she's beautiful and rad and a neat compliment to what we're doing as a whole. We're leaving for tour March 26th.

Anxiously awaiting to see you soon, Karin.



your ears to the only voice that would let you make your own choice. You close yourself in. You're wasting your time. You limit your options. You limit your mind. Making excuses is your escape from all the challenges that await. Fear of frustration, change and rejection creates the foundation for your limitations. Limit your mind, you'll find no time." — The Faith

Those are words to live by. Those are the words that I have always kept in my mind since the first day that I realized that I was the one. I believe in myself. I am the one. There was a time when I didn't understand what I was capable of accomplishing. There was a time when I made excuses and let my inability guide my life. But now I am the one. I am the asshole. I am what I want to be. Stay out of my way. I am the one and I am on the move.

What does it mean to know you're the one? It means that you stop waiting for other people to get off their asses. It means that you stop letting your fear control your life. It means that you come to terms with

the fact that you, and only you can control your life and decide what is best for you. It also means that you see past the concept of followers and leaders. It means that you chose never to follow and never to lead. You simply do what needs to be done in your life, and ignore everyone else.

I try to live by that creed, but sometimes it can bring a lot of shit down on my back from those standing around me. Sometimes the directions I need to take and the decisions that I must make can only create enemies. I am proud of the fact that some people see me as an asshole. Ultimately, that means that I am succeeding in living my life for me. So many people waste away giving up their very existence to make other people happy, to get along, to make friends, and avoid conflict. I don't want to die for someone else. I want this life to be mine, and it shall be.

Life is this quick fleeting moment. Some people watch it flash by from the comfort of their couch never realizing that tomorrow they will be dead and it will have meant less than nothing in the end. Other people see death waiting around the corner and they try to steal as much experience and life as they possibly can before they fade away into nothingness. We are all destined for nothingness. But each of us must decide how we will go into that nothingness. You can go silently with your dreams untouched or you can go screaming with your dreams being actualized. Tomorrow you may be dead, so you better make the best of it today.

We are all our own worst enemies. You can wallow in your fear and insecurity or you can embrace life in mortal combat. Death is ever present in my mind, sometimes maybe more than it should be, but I know I am the one, and being the one I know that when something needs to be done I need to do it quick while I still have time. What excuses have you made today?

...each of us thinks from our own unique vantage point. And when I see red I think of blood, while when you see red perhaps you think of a fire truck. I feel older now, and sometimes my thoughts are contorted beyond where they might have once gone. I can't explain it to you. Life is a crazy disordered event. We reach out into the void and collect some pieces and put them in some order that we find appealing, but all along we simply distort the disorder. Your truth is bullshit, so is mine. We are all stupid meaningless fucked up little animals running over the surface of the Earth with our heads chopped off...

All this white male guilt is gnawing away at my insides. It isn't the guilt itself because somewhere along the line I left all that behind, but what gnaws at me is the concept of this guilt. I'm so tired of having it shoved down my throat, of having it placed at my feet, of having it assigned to me. I don't feel it anymore. I admit it used to weigh heavy on my mind. Times change and so do people. Somehow I could feel that guilt trying to drown me, trying to stop me from living, trying to fuck me up. I won't be fucked up by your guilt, because it isn't in my

psyche anymore. I'm not about to drown so you can rise. I'm not going to die so you can live.

I am tired of having people tell me to hold my tongue. I am tired of having to give support when I only feel disinterest and distaste. I will not hail your conformity as some sort of rebirth miracle. I will call a spade a spade, and I if don't like you then I will say so. I don't care who you are or what sex you are or what color your skin is or who you fuck. It doesn't matter to me one damn bit.

I like music, or ideas, or art, or writing because of what it says and how it makes me feel, not because this type of person created it, or that sort of person performed it. If I said I liked Spitboy because they are four women playing punk rock then I expect I'd have one of the Spit-women in my face telling me what an asshole I am, and at the point I certainly would be an asshole. Their credibility isn't created by the fact that they have breasts and cunts, their credibility comes from the fact that they play great music and have some intelligent thoughts to convey.

When I decided to put out records by Struggle and Manumission I didn't think to myself, "Hmm, Ebullition needs to be multi-racial." Struggle and Manumission rocked my ass because they were fucking good bands. It had nothing to do with the racial background of Jose and Ani. If I had chosen to like Manumission, Struggle, Spitboy or Not For The Lack Of Trying because of race or sex then what would that say about them? If I had chosen to do their records for such shallow reasons as sex or race then I think that would ultimately have been delegitimizing to those bands.

Sonia was a great vocalist because she fucking screamed her head off and made me feel alive. It didn't have anything to do with her ass. Spitboy is simply a powerful hardcore band, the size of their breasts has absolutely nothing to do with it. Jose is an amazing drummer because he has a sick style and a lot of talent. The fact that he has brown skin doesn't make one bit of difference. Ani wrote some really good lyrics and belted out some totally ugly sounding vocals, and again that had nothing to do with his skin color.

I know for a fact that none of those people want their abilities and talents and opinions judged on the basis of their sex or race. The next person that tells me that they like Bikini Kill because there are women in the band, or that they like Los Crudos because they are dark-skinned is going to get an imaginary punch in the face. I am all for lots of people besides us white boys doing music, but I sure as hell am not going to like something that I don't like just to make the scene. That white boy guilt you keep carrying around isn't going to dictate what I like and what I hate.

The world is a fucked up place. People are killed and beaten and raped and mutilated and abused and destroyed every second of everyday, and I don't care how much guilt you digest or how much pain you inflict on yourself all that violence and hate won't ever go away.

Sometimes I just feel like you're trying to kill me with all that guilt and self-hate. I refuse to die for their lies and I refuse to die for your self-loathing guilt. My death and my inability to function will not save anyone. I am just fighting to stay alive and I am doing the best I can—just like you. Take your fucked up self-hating trip and shove it up your ass. I'm not going to play by those rules anymore.

...if you don't understand then you don't understand. No big deal. The sun will still rise tomorrow, and you will be just one day closer to your own death. I heard it said that the nice thing about people is that they die. Right now I think that's pretty much life in a nutshell, tomorrow maybe I will feel differently. Life can be fucking depressing sometimes.

• • • • •

Okay, some after-thoughts seem in order, though my brain is fried like a delicious vegan egg roll. Today I layed out the final pages, and all that is left is to print out this very page and finish the cover. I forgot how much work goes into something like this; a shit load. Hopefully the finished product will be of some worth, and if all goes well the next one will come out with less hassle.

Everyone has been asking what they can do to help get this thing off the ground, but the reality is that there isn't much that anyone can do. The success or failure of a magazine like this is almost totally dependent on the advertisers. If enough people take out ads in the next issue then there will be another issue. It really is as simple as that. So if you do order a record from an ad in this 'zine or buy something because you liked the review then tell the person/band/label that you saw their shit in HaC. Everyone wants to know that their money and hard work is actually doing them some good.

If you happen to live in the Goleta/Santa Barbara/Isla Vista area then you might call or stop by and see if there is something you can do; that is if you feel so inclined to help out. At first I really wanted to keep the number of people involved at a minimum in order to get through the rough periods of organization (better described as pure chaos), but as time goes on I hope to include more people in the whole process. Much of this is dependent on space. Currently Ebullition and HaC are stuffed into one tiny little office space. In April the entire thing will be moving into a much larger office and at that point there will be some actual space for HaC to germinate. At that point I will probably also be opening a very small store, but more on that at some later date.

Finally, if you have some ideas or criticisms then please voice them. The whole concept of HaC has been half-baked since day one (I suppose it is fully-baked by now) and I've really been rushing to just get a first issue out. Now that the first step is over I would like to start moving HaC to where ever it should be going. This first issue is in many ways just a miniature version of MRR, and I certainly don't want to be stuck in MRR's shadow so from here on out the goal will be to develop HaC's individuality and character. Until next time...

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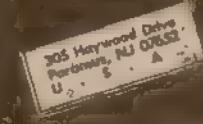
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GARDEN

Garden Variety

consists of: Roman
- Bass and Vocals.
Anthony - Guitar, Joe -
Drums and Backup Vocals.

They were interviewed after they
played a great show at Brownies in
New York City on 12/23/93.

(Interview by Andrew Orlando)

HaC: How about a little band history?

R: Anthony and I met Joe at the tail end of 1990 through an ad in a local paper. In March '91 we did a demo, in June '91 we played our first show at Carol's Place and got asked to do a 7" for Mint-tone. We took the whole summer off and recorded the 7" in October of '91 and started playing out a lot. Things really started to pick up and now we have an album out on Gern Blandsten and we are planning to tour the U.S. in March.

HaC: Now that your album is finally out, are you happy with the way it came out?

R: Yes.

A: Yes, definitely.

J: I think as happy as you can be, you're always unhappy with certain things or a certain part, but we're basically happy the way it is.

HaC: Who painted the cover of the album?

J: I did.

HaC: How has your music changed since the 7"?

A: We've incorporated more rhythmic aspects of music into what we do. It's become more melodic, we spend more time writing songs. All of us participate more, it's more of a group thing now.

R: Yeah, collective jamming.

HaC: Before was it a different writing process?

R: Anthony wrote the 7", we all arranged it, but he wrote every part.

HaC: Who writes the lyrics?

R: I wrote the lyrics on the 7", on the album I wrote a strong portion of them, but it was still more of a group effort.

HaC: Give me a broad scope of what your lyrics deal with.

R: On the album or 7"?

HaC:

The album.

R: Just stuff that

I see growing up on
Long Island, stuff I see

them going through. Just rela-
tionship type things, but more to-
wards genderless relationships, where it
doesn't matter if it is a boy or a girl, just the
fact that it's a person.

J: Tell him what "Binder" is about.

R: Yeah, "Binder" is about college and what it
has become. College is just memorization
now instead of a higher place of learning.

J: Now it just seems you're being trained for
the 13th grade.

R: Or the job market.

HaC: What's "Hat Head" about?

R: It's about when you're wearing a hat all
day and it falls off and you feel kinda dumb
about it.

A: Insecurity.

R: It's just a metaphor for insecurity.

HaC: I know "Closet" is about the work-
place, could you elaborate on that?

A: How someone can have control over you.

J: Namely your boss.

R: "Got my future in your closet". It's also
about the Marxist statement "Why should a
guy who works at the factory make less than
the guy who owns the factory". Like why
does this guy have more power than the guy
actually doing the work? I think we lean
more towards Socialism. I think if you took
our views without a term it would be...

J: Socialism, I think you're right. That's
what the song is about.

R: I think medi-
cine should be so-
cialized and poli-
tics too. If you re-
ally want to get
down to it, I guess



it's an anti-capital-
ism song. It's also
based on a short
story by John
Updike called "A
and P", that we've all read...

A: And love.

HaC: What is the song "Stool" about?

R: "Stool" is about the difference between
us and a lot of other people who are eager to

advance themselves for
money whereas we want to ad-
vance ourselves in ways other than a
paycheck. It's also called "Stool" be-
cause Anthony had to sit down on a stool to
play it.

J: Are you kidding me?

R: You didn't know that?

J: I never heard that explanation before.

HaC: How come there is no lyric sheet in
the album?

R: Everyone should answer this one.

J: Everyone disagrees on this but the most
meaningful explanation is that our favorite
bands by and large have no lyric sheets in
their albums. I think it is interesting to
actually sit down and not only listen to the
music but to actually try and listen to what
that person has to say without it being black
and white and in your face. It becomes a
puzzle that you have to piece together.

R: It just makes you dig deeper.

J: It makes you actually listen to a record
and it's not spoon-fed to you.

R: I just got sick of the whole punk rock
"Here's our music and our written docu-
ment". It just seems so separate from the
music. Having the lyrics printed is almost
like having the sheet music in front of you.

A: Exactly, then why not have the sheet
music printed too?

R: The lyrics don't exist without the music,
therefore the two shouldn't be separated.
You could pick up an album before you
listen to it and already have a different way
of seeing it. Sarcasm doesn't come across in
print and some of the lyrics on the record are
sarcastic. It's also kind of goofy because we
wanted to be the first band on Gern Blandsten
with no lyric sheet. So we're just trying to do
something a little different.

HaC: I've seen a few comparisons to Jaw-
breaker and Samiam, how do you feel about
that?

A: We listen to those bands so I guess it's
gonna come out one way or another.

J: I don't think we sound like Jawbreaker at
all, there's traces of a million bands.

R: I think the 7" sounds a little like Jaw-
breaker.

J: I don't see it.

R: We really like Jawbreaker a lot.

J: We also like Samiam, Drive Like Jehu,
Rocket From The Crypt, Sebadoh...

R: Blake Babies.

J: There's a hundred bands
that we all listen to that come
out one way or another. So for
someone to pinpoint us as a
Jawbreaker band is stupid. We
don't wanna be that.

HaC: You guys never
claimed to be a hardcore band,
yet you're on a label that puts
out mostly hardcore bands and you play
mostly hardcore shows, could you shed some
light on this?

J: I always bring this up, you just have to
look at the scene that was happening in '81

with the SST bands, you had Black Flag playing with the Meat Puppets, two completely different bands yet similar in their punk ethics. That's why they fit.

HaC: Yeah, but today a lot of kids don't care about ethics, it's more fashion and mosh styles over anything else.

A: Baggy pants!

R: That's not who we're trying to reach. We never said we were a hardcore band but then again we never said we were anything. If they like it they like it, if they don't they don't.

A: It just so happens that a lot of the bands out here happen to be hardcore, most of the shows out here are hardcore.

J: If we were from San Diego or D.C. no one would ask us this question.

R: We are just as happy playing with Heroin or 1.6 Band as we are with Polvo or Archers of Loaf. They are all punk in my mind. The main point is that they are all good bands.

HaC: Who are the best bands in the Long Island scene and how do you fit in with them?

R: Scapegrace.

J: Big Sniff, Mind Over Matter.

R: Bad Trip, 1.6 Band.

J: We listen to and play with those bands. We like them and they like us. Long Island has a very strong scene right now.

HaC: What's the best thing about the Long Island scene? The worst?

A: People really work hard to put on shows especially Artie Phillie.

J: And they're up against a lot of obstacles, I mean L.I. has a stigma of cheeziness.

R: Example: Strong Island.

A: The worst thing would be that some of the kids are inconsiderate and don't even think about throwing a punch, the violence really negates everybody's hard work.

R: Everybody

knocks the L.I. scene yet they've consistently put on shows for the last year and a half, there's always a place to see a show. Artie Phillie is the king of L.I.

J: He's the only one that has consistently

found places for bands to play, whether it be at the Angie, M3's, Checkers, or the Outerlimits Art Gallery.

HaC: What's the best show you have played so far?

R: Tonight was great because we were friends with every band.

A: Yeah, it was like a party.

J: Personally, my favorite show was with Screeching Weasel at ABC-NO-RIO on January 4th 1992. It was just a magical

J: To perfectly explain it is to look at the first song on the album "By and Large", it's just an everyday saying, I always say things like that.

R: I didn't even know what it meant when we picked it for a name. I just knew I liked it.

J: When people first hear it they're like "What the hell's that?"

R: Yeah, I heard people make fun of the name at shows.

A: People usually associate it with vegetables.

R: Yeah, "Garden Variety and the Hedge 7".

HaC: What makes you unique from other bands out there?

A: There's something unique about every band.

R: There's something unique

about every person, but I think a lot of bands try and be like what they think they should be, rather than what they are.

J: I think very simply, we know exactly what we want to do and exactly what we don't want to do and then there's another section where we don't know what the hell we're doing, so that's what

makes us tick.

R: I read an interview with Rorschach, that when they started out they wanted to sound like every other N.Y.H.C. band, then they started playing metal and people made fun of them for it, but look at how good they did. You know Green Day wasn't allowed to play Gilman St. at first because they were too poppy and they went on to being one of the biggest there, just because they stuck with what they wanted to do.

HaC: What motivates you to play music.

R: The things you don't like influence you as much as the things you like.

J: I think to be a good band or a good person, you have to have a motivating force and I think all three of us have that, we all want to go out and create good art.

A: Problems and dealing with people I don't like.



show.

R: It was the first time we played in N.Y.C., we still get feedback from that show.

HaC: Why the name Garden Variety and how did that come about?

J: Also, aggression, punk rock relieve the tension and aggression. It all comes out on my drum set. That goes for everybody lyrically and musically in this band.

R: I don't think we feel the same way other people do, none of us would be content with having jobs or just making money being your number one goal and when you realize that you don't have that it you, you have to find another outlet or you'll just be nothing.

J: With all three of us, not one of us could see sitting behind a desk for the rest of our lives. It's very unsavory and when you know that you better be good at what you do.

R: The greatest artists were either depressed, screwed up or bored mainly because they couldn't be like everyone else. HaC: Could any of you see doing Garden Variety as a career?

J: Career means money and we're not out for that.

R: You just take it as it comes.

A: Right now we're having a good time and I've always said that once this stops being fun, then the band should stop, then I should just join the work force. You really shouldn't think of this as a job, we don't go out there to make money.

R: Some people think it's good to work a full-time job and play because when you get off work you have a drive to play.

J: I think there's nothing wrong with using the band as a means of survival or getting you next day's meal. For example, on tour you don't work a job you just do your band and you survive off that, so I think it's good. But if we start not to enjoy this we should break up or take a break or something.

R: I think to be a good band you have to hang out with each other.

J: We are all friends.

A: Being in a band is like being in a relationship, you have to be honest.

J: We have good energy and good communication so we work well together.

R: I think bands that really work well as a unit are bands that live together. I was reading about the Clash making flyers with that edible paste, they would take their money, put up flyers, then eat the paste because they had no money left. When you could take your last three dollars to make flyers and contribute to the band like that you're gonna get somewhere. We don't have the guts to do that.

J: We're gonna have to!

A: We haven't gotten to that point yet.

R: But we might. We don't have real jobs. Joe got laid off from his job and is kinda happy about it because

he has more time for the band. I don't like the attitude "I'm gonna work my job until the band makes it and then I'll quit my job". You should quit your job first and make your band

Grace.

R: The Grifters.

HaC: Any last words gentlemen?

J: Come see us when we are on tour we'd like to say hello to you.

A: Want to hear a knock, knock joke?

HaC: Sure, why not.

A: OK, start it off.

HaC: Knock, knock.

A: Who's there?

J: Ha, ha, ha...

HaC: Very funny

R: Tonight might have been the pinnacle of our career.

J: Statespeed was amazing!

R: I think if you could play shows and people come out and if you could play with your friends, I think that's all you could really want out of music. If it could be like this forever it would be really good. It is also good to meet new bands and play with people you don't know. The other day I was looking back on all

the bands we've played with like Jawbreaker, Superchunk, Heroin, Nuisance, Greyhouse, these are bands we used to constantly listen to, we've played with people that a few years ago we were staring at their records. And the thing is they all turned out to be really cool people.

Contact Garden Variety at:

Garden Variety

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VARIE

In November of 1993, while trapping around Washington, D.C., I caught wind of yet another birth of inspiration from the womb of our nation. Beehive was in the air. Curious, I followed the breeze and the people on down to U Street to a meeting at the Beehive—a collective of diverse minds, visions, & people who want very much to gather together, create a freespace, and support change. During the meeting, I was impressed by their level of cooperation, abundant energy, and extent of vision. They have the want to do just about everything. And on this, my third visit, D.C. did not fail to fill me with her usual take-me-home dose of drive. So when the conception of HeartattaCk became a reality, I asked the Beehive to share the what, when, why, who, where, and how of their world. The following is a compilation of thoughts from several different Bees on the subject.

— Sonia Skindrud

From paragraph to paragraph and even from line to line there are contradictions in the beliefs, ideas and views expressed about Beehive. This is not a mistake. The Beehive is not a party line. The different ideas and visions for the Beehive create a tension which is an important part of what Beehive is. This makes Beehive difficult to define but that is alright with us. We can't be static when trying to deal with a community that is constantly growing and developing new needs. The collective vision of Beehive is made of ALL individual visions which often are in conflict. Although not all the individuals in the Beehive are represented here, there are still voices included from different viewpoints, all of which are Beehive. Here are some of the things

people wrote:

Beehive is not a what...or if it is, then all that can be said about it is that it's a bunch of people who came together seeking something different. We all have different agendas, we're all seeking something and hoping to find it in the Beehive—something that the rest of the "punk community" hasn't been providing. Beehive isn't business, Beehive isn't vacation fantasy land, Beehive is nobody's wet dream, Beehive is hard work. Collective vision? Hmm, that's a hard one. There's no one vision, but part of my own is to have a space where people can come to find out about the ways that people around here are using their energy, in general what's going on. (Of course what needs

to be created to make this vision possible is a space where people can be comfortable exhibiting themselves

and what they're about.) I'd like to see the Beehive as a place for people in other places to contact people here, sort of a conduit for communication and sharing ideas for change, and yeah, that word dialogue.

Oh, there's so much more too, but other people say more later. When... does it matter? A year or so ago, or ages ago in all of our heads. Depends on your definition of conception. Why? This punk scene is not going far enough, it's not meeting everyone's needs (not that we are

able to either...). It's complacent, boring, too safe for some, too dangerous for others. There are all these maps we have been following. There are a lot of preset ways of doing things in this scene, accepted, so called "tried and true", which makes it tough to try new things because they don't come with built in validation. I'm finding it hard to diverge from these maps too, even though I'm trying to figure out where they don't work for me or where they fall short. Who? Yes, mostly white, middle class, young punks, though I think that often there's this false assumption in the punk community that everyone comes from the same or

beehive

similar background and has the same or similar agendas. There is definitely a core of people whose lives are drastically different now due to the existence of the Beehive, and also many people who come to just one or two meetings. More is said about this later.

The gap between action and talk is always vast, but of course we really have done a lot, and we can't expect to be amazingly organized and having of all the answers. I think the most healthy situations are ones where lots of ideas are being thrown around even if it seems like nothing is getting done. We have a tendency to get really serious and frustrated and down on ourselves and forget to have fun...Also I have found myself always caught in the trap of not being able to take advantage of the total opportunity I have to make my schemes realities, and end up just waiting around for someone else to start the action. And I realize that this mentality is something that is really stifling, and has come from various forces like school, adults, sexism, etc. I'm trying not to ignore or make invis-



ible either the problems that Beehive has to deal with or the total hope and inspiration I get from Beehive which is so important to step back and see because it's there too. Beehive can be anything, and various projects are taking off, such as an Anarchist Black Cross prisoner support group, a food buying coop, putting on shows and speakers and readings, the store, the library, a place for Food Not Bombs to cook, and others that have been discussed, or are just in my head or other peoples heads, anything, like studio space for silk-screening, or pot-throwing or for sewing or a free school, or a musical instrument library, or a cafe, etc... but moving on now to another voice and viewpoint:

Although I've been involved with the Beehive for a relatively short amount of time, I see the Beehive as a medium for expression, equality action and change. The Beehive space is important in itself, but I see the real focus comes from everyone who has participated, is participating or will participate in the future. It is a collective of individuals working to achieve common goals that might not be able to be achieved individually. This is an autonomous collective where people can combine their talents, their ideals, and their willingness to create an existence contrary to our current world of suffering tyranny, and repression. The Beehive serves as a foundation, a forum, in which real change can be achieved. It allows for individual energies to be focused in order to combat the strong oppressive forces of state oppression, racism, sexism, etc. The Beehive can however allow each member to have the same influence as any other member. The hierarchy experienced in everyday life is lifted away in the atmosphere of the hive. It allows for the dream of total freedom and equality to become a little sharper and a little closer to everyone involved.

The Beehive creates a starting point for individuals to experience this vision of liberty.



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It also creates a doorway for other groups and individuals to be in contact with similar minded individuals. It can become a vital part in the lines of communication to everyone interested in freeing themselves from oppression as well as educating others on the possibility of breaking the chains of the class structure.

At the same time, the Beehive deals (or fails to deal) with the same gender, race, class, sexuality, and millions of other dynamics that are at work in the rest of our society. We are far from surpassing these problems, in fact I feel we have done a poor job at facing them so far and can only hope this will improve with time. One of the problems we face is the ongoing difficulty of dealing with these serious issues that effect us personally in an environment that is constantly changing (one Beehive meeting might have 6 people, the next one 30, this is just an example) and for a number of people involved it doesn't provide a particular feeling of safety to talk about really personal things.

When was Beehive first conceived? Well (like any collective project), there is no single "true" history, so this is my attempt to uncover the initial (again, there really was no single beginning either, so this is misleading) motivations and visions behind the creation. The generally accepted story involves "a punk boy's wet dream" in a dorm room at Antioch College: a non-profit record store based on the model of Reconstruction in NYC or any number of others. At the same time, though, a completely separate parallel vision was taking shape in DC among a group of people as a networking/community center with a focus on internal dialogue, like the model of Riot Grrrl, Positive Force, etc. During the summer of '93, when meetings first started happening, the two tendencies sort of clashed for a while until a "consensus" (if you can call it that, it was only reached by some people having to give up on the project and leave) medium between the two was reached. The amalgamation that was finally settled (?) on was a form con-

centrating on discussion and translating that process into action through events (including community outreach and performances of different sorts as well as connected groups like Food Not Bombs DC and Anarchist Black Cross/Prisoner Support Network), using the store and library to reach out and provide contact with people, as well as providing a necessary service. From the very first meeting on the biggest conflict was between people who wanted to focus on being merely another outpost for the punk scene and people who felt the need for the Beehive to be something more radically oriented. Both visions have a lot of potential that we still haven't realized or achieved, but an uneasy balance between the two has tentatively been created.

We are still far from completely living up to our aspirations. I seem to me that whenever certain types of conflict arise, they inevitably end in one or more people leaving the group because we haven't arrived at a way of dealing with it yet. For example, we chose to operate on a model of consensus-decision-making at our first meetings. On paper this is the most democratic way possible to operate meetings because it allows everyone's opinions to be heard; but in reality, this process itself excludes some people. A consensus process in a semi-large group that has a lot of internal disagreements means long, drawn-out meetings where a disagreement in theory between two people can become a personal war between those people. As a group, no solution that we've come up with so far got beyond one or all of the individual involved in the conflict removing themselves by not coming to meetings, and we know the "people should have patience" rationalization we've accepted is no solution either. Have any other groups dealt with this problem that could help us out?

And our language divides us as surely as any substantial disagreement with the group. A structure of language always alienates the people who had no part in developing it, and most of our earlier meetings con-

sisted of almost bitter arguments as to what language (and ideology) should underlie our dialogue. Whether the use the "white male" scholarly structure of verbalizing which divides life into dualisms and alienates anyone who hasn't been to college or to use the language developed through riot grrrl that succeeds in avoiding the trap of intellectualism and works well for critique of others and self, but then ends up prioritizing privilege, and also alienates anyone who hasn't been to Riot Grrrl meetings. And these are only the two languages that are obviously and openly in conflict with each other. Other less "in your face" languages are almost entirely silenced in the group as are the people that speak them - who for the most part are not of the "white punk" mold. Of course, this description fails to represent even close to the entirety of the language dynamics within the group. The ideal would be to develop a working language of our own, and that has been happening to a degree but it takes time and anything developed through a group process when a part of that group feels alienated can't help but end up being alienating to people. But the language is one of the most important considerations on working toward consensus. As long as we're working within a structure that gives power and credence to those who can speak best, we need to try to destroy all exclusionary language that we use. For example in a group that is trying to reach out beyond the small community of punk rock it is crucial that we be extra careful to avoid making "in jokes" about punk during meetings. In general, one thing that we've found is that any tendencies to take the focus of the group off of self-critique and dialogue about ourselves and our status (in the "scene", in the community, etc.) makes us exclude everyone outside by growing comfortable and resting on our privilege. It took way too long to learn that lesson, and it's something we still lapse into often, taking the easy way out by ignoring our problems, but that is probably one of the most important things to

always keep in mind when building a community center.

As predominantly whites moving into a neighborhood that consists of predominantly people of color, obviously we are guilty of taking part in the gentrification process. Before moving in, we justified that to ourselves by talking a lot about providing services for the community, about becoming an exception to the rule.

Now that we're here, we're realizing how unrealistic that vision is. Why would the "community" need or want our services? And even if it did, how would that change our status as outsiders living in a community that didn't accept us? It seems as though the march of reality has taught us a little about how racist and classist our original assumptions about our roles and relationships were. Now our (my) feeling is that probably the best thing the Beehive can do is to

provide us, as people with a privilege that a lot of people around us don't have, with a vehicle to connect with people of less privilege. And to hopefully blur those lines a little bit, at the same time as it helps us deal with our position.

As predominantly "punks", obviously we are guilty of gentrifying the cultural character of the neighborhood. Four blocks away it's the trendy "new U", it's nice and safe for yuppies, whereas this side of 14th street you only see white people (except for us) at night when they're going to the nightclubs a block over. In a lot of ways (appearance, mannerisms, lifestyles, etc.) the "punk" subculture (at least the fragment of it common around here) is the most visible, noticeable contrast to inner-

city working class life. So bringing out that contrast is obviously the first step toward preparing the neighborhood for the bulldozers to roll in (it's going on in full effect down the street; this section is only gentrified after dark). However, at the same time, there are elements in the punk/radical anarchist scenarios that make it one of the most conducive backdrops

to analyzing our role in economically/culturally gentrifying our surroundings. The tools we have to critique ourselves are a part of what sets us apart from our surroundings, but they keep us aware of that separation, privileged status, etc. Our awareness of ourselves as "outsiders" keeps us from fitting in with the community, but at

the same time, it helps us learn a little more about what makes us outsiders, and how we can be more aware of that. I guess that's how we play a part in the whole process of gentrification. Guilty, but learning (however slowly) to deal with that guilt and build something positive out of it.

This has not been a complete definition of what Beehive was, is, or will be. These are some people's thoughts and ideals on what is trying to be done here, and often the physical existence of the beehive does not exactly correspond to these thoughts and ideals. If anyone else is working on similar projects anywhere, the Beehive would love to hear from you. It's not like we'd probably be much help, but communication is important as is a dialogue between groups about the issues that have come up in this article and the thousands of issues not even mentioned. Beehive Autonomous Collective, 925 "U" st. NW, Washington, DC 20001.



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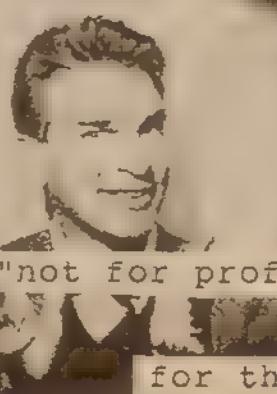
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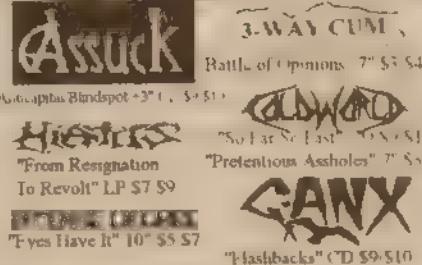
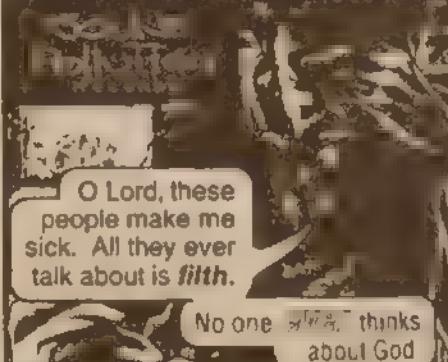
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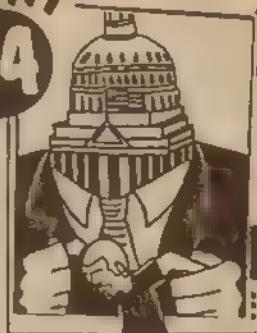
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READ THIS!

I am going to set up a pen pal network. You will be able to send me a postcard with your address, a 40 word or less statement about you, and stamps. The first three will get one stamp apiece with all the other people that send stuff, and the # of stamps you send will determine how many postcards you will receive. The postcards will be in the backlog, and I will send them out with an update every two weeks (So, if you join in the beginning of the month, you will get a booklet plus an update in the middle of the month, otherwise, you will in the later half of the month will receive an update in the beginning of the following month). I am not going to be picky, and I hope it all works out.

Now the twist is, since there are going to be over 1000 people in this, I am going to collect a bunch of different zines together, by trade or buy, and then will type them up and put them in lots of 5 or 10 zines and sell them for the cost of postage. I am not going to sell them for profit, this will either go to buying more zines at wholesale price, or for postage to sell these packets cheaper. It's a little like zine compilations. So, what I need is zines to trade with, be donated, or wholesale costs, please help out if you can.

Well that's all for new stuff... we do want to spread the word and love for people to write, and even want to send stamp for catalogue or more info, write to:

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1210 Gregory Place / Downers Grove, IL 60515.

HARDCORE IS FUCKING DEAD!

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WOUNDED KNEE "Psychopath" 3 songs on a 7", with angst-loaded heavy psychotic Hardcore kinda reminds me of RORSCHACH - but these guys aren't from New Jersey or NYC - but from Luxembourg!!! Guess you HAVE to sound angry and brutal, living in a place like that...

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AHOALTON #8 8.5 x 7 \$3 14 pgs

This 'zine is chalk full (no pun intended) of interesting tidbits of culture and more. Probably the first thing I should mention is that this 'zine comes with a free Chalk seven inch; which explains the price. Writing concerning pow wows, crazy horse, and his love for New Mexico transcended me into the world of nature. Escape from the polluted world while you can! He also reviews The Milagro Beanfield War, records, and 'zines and tells a nice story of touring with Chino Horde. I feel like I should say something more, I suggest buying this zine because I don't think I did it justice. LO (10 Wingfield Circle/ Little Rock, AR 72205)

BANAL PROBE 8.5 x 11 \$1 10 pgs

Most of *Banal Probe* is dedicated to various columns. Topics range from searching for cheap recycled paper to buying an ambulance to ten minutes on death row. Everything shows some side of the columnists' lives which makes it pretty cool. There are also zine reviews to round out the content. A little on the short side, but good. AM (PO Box 4333/Austin, TX 78765)

BELIEF #2 8.5 x 5.5 \$2 28 pgs

This 'zine has a nice layout and really clear pictures, personal political thoughts, record reviews, and comic book reviews. That's all I can really say without getting personal. That's what you'll find inside, like in most other fanzines, with one exception: this fanzine has a totally hardline right-wing slant. Maybe this guy is just trying to piss people off if so it worked. This zine pissed me off, and not just because I'm a girl. He babbles straight from the mouth of Rush Limbaugh in his opinion section and jokes about giving bands p.c. points in the review section. Ha-ha. The 'zine is scattered with ads which, on his scale, total about \$90.00 for a 'zine that costs the buyer \$2. I wonder how much this guy is making off kids who want to justify the morals their parents and teachers told them? He has the right to his opinions, but I think it's bunch of shit. LO (2214 Lake Forest/San Bernardino, CA 92407-2478)

BELLWETHER #7 8.5 x 5.5 \$1 40 pgs

This 'zine summarizes almost everything wrong with certain elements of the straight edge scene. The interviews with Still Life, Policy of Three, and Function 'zine were shallow but at least they were short. Other than one essay about Malcolm X, the writings focus on how straight edge hardcore will change the world if we all support the scene. There are also band photos all over if that interests you. The low point was a story about the *Bellwether* posse trying to sleep and some loud drunk guys. To quote, "It was time for revenge, straight edge revenge. We grabbed our hoods, X'd up, grabbed four eggs each and headed outside... It was the best." On the back the editor has "VEGAN" in blue print. Am I missing something? Don't consume animal products, throw them at

of the editors ideas on the thing called life. I really, really like the layout which illustrates how xerox can be used to come up with some nice looking spreads. My only complain is Bryan's attack on labels (i.e. anarchist, straight edge, etc...). Labels are no more than words, and without words then we would have a very hard time communicating. KM (2131-80th St. So./Wisconsin Rapids, WI 54494)

DOWN BUT NOT OUT #1 8.5 x 11 \$2 56 pgs

The effort put into this collection of essays and interviews produced a damn good 'zine. The Railhead interview came out a little bit long but the dialogue touched on many issues. The joint interview with Tim from *No Escape* and Tom from *Boiling Point* talks about where hardcore has been and where it is going. The Mouthpiece interview doesn't really take off. Merle, Matt Gard (*Radio Riot*), and Die 116 also respond to questions to varying degrees of entertainment. The writing presented developed arguments, which scores *DBNO* points even though I disagreed half the time. The piece on the fourth grade king confused me, but I'm okay now. AM (8 E. Chestnut St./ Bordentown, NJ 08505-2024)

DOUBLE TALK #1 8.5 x 11 \$1 16 pgs

This 'zine opens up with a large statement of what hardcore means to these folks and why they do and don't love it, although this is not a new concept I enjoyed their perspective and definition. Other articles include a bashing of Shiebler's materialism and religious fanaticism, crusade against college rock, politics of people in the scene, and interview with *Down By Law*. While the interview was not my cup of tea (because I had to read another this month as well) I enjoyed the bulk of the 'zine. Much better than the first tries of others I've read. It's nice to see thinking kids put out a 'zine for once. LO (PO Box 828/West Chester, PA 19381)

DISPATCHER #1 8.5 x 7 \$1 24 pgs

Though the content of *Dispatcher* falls short of extraordinary, I must give credit to Eric and Rich for a pretty layout. The story of Rich's visit to D.C. had good intentions, but the latent racism bothered me. The essay "No Grapes" was cool to include but it's "Cesar Chavez" not "Caesar Chavez." The review of "Creature From The Black Lagoon" pinball game amused me and the Don Caballero interview kept my attention. The underlying theme of the 'zine is cab driving, so you will find various blurbs about the taxi industry all over. Overall, an interesting, easy read. AM (PO Box 1105/State College, PA 16804-1105)

ELEMENT #11 5.5 x 8.5 \$2 72 pgs

While this is a very thick 'zine with nice looking pages and photos, I couldn't really get

zine reviews

people. Depressing. AM (612 Lakeview/Willow Grove, PA 19090)

BOREDOM #1 8.5 x 11 \$8 16 pgs

The name says it all. The editors print show reviews from Victoria, Canada and an interview with Engine Kid. The only item that stimulated me at all was a description of Hump's stage show. AM (no address given)

CACTUS PRICK #7 8.5 x 11 \$15 38 pgs

Blah, blah, blah. Interviews with Sun City Girls, JFA (Jody Foster's Army), Janitor Joe, House Of Large Sizes, Pain Teens, and Cop Shot Cop. Blah, blah, blah. Stupid beauty tips, 9 pages of record reviews, 5 pages of 'zine reviews, and information on how to get Cactus Prick records. Blah, blah, blah. LO (PO Box 27142/Tempe, AZ 85285)

CHANGE #3 8.5 x 11 \$?? 56 pgs

As I skimmed through *Change* before reading it, I prepared myself to be disappointed, based on the massive amount of ads. But it turns out that Pat prints ads for free and still manages to fit a lot of quality essays, interviews, and reviews within the two covers. Of course I disagreed with a lot of the opinions like hardcore has become "over-examined" and I think the straight edge-religion connection is a little bit stretched. Pat probes into the lives of SNFU, The Cows, Rancid, Spring Heeled Jack, and Black Train Jack and prints pictures of all the people involved in these projects. *Change* closes with over a hundred 'zine and record reviews, which is the best thing about this 'zine. AM (Trinity College #904/Hartford, CT 06106)

CHUMPIRE #29 8.5 X 11 29¢ 1 pg

How much stuff can you fit on one piece of filler paper? 'Zine, movie, record, and show reviews and more according to this person. Also includes a tiny essay for you loyal to MRR about how stupid emo is and why the Indian Summer/Current split is poop. The reviews are mainly short and sweet, just like the layout. LO (2337 PA Rte 309/Orefield, PA 18069)

CONTRASCIENCE #2 8.5 x 7 \$1.5 28

This is kind of old, but inside you'll find Still Life, Scooby Don't and some

into most of it. Way too much stuff on veganism

(being as I've been vegan for five years) and I already read the No For An Answer interview four or five years ago in *Sold Out*. Other interviews include Policy Of 3, Unbroken and Empathy, but all are fairly short and don't really go anywhere. Definitely worth checking out, though I wish the great look was matched with great content. KM (23144 Cleveland/Dearborn, MI 48124)

EVOLUTION #2 8.5 x 5.5 \$2 38 pgs

Good lookin' piece of literature with a *No Answers* feel. Strong opinions on the state of hardcore (musically & mentally) and good interviews with the likes of Born Against, Fred Alva, Deceased, Charles of Rorschach, Joe of Struggle, & Psycho. Encourages you to think. But simultaneously asking us to open our minds musically while fervently clinging to a musically puns definition of hardcore is, how do you say, contradictory? SS (368 Walnut St., Shrewsbury, MA 01545)

FAT NIPPLES #2 8.5 x 7 \$1 44 pgs

The first thing that scared me about *Fat Nipples* was this quote from the letters section, "...though I know Bush was not too hot, I personally think Clinton is the worst thing that could have happened to us. I hope Bob Dole..." From then on I found myself becoming more and more annoyed every few pages. The layout was good and all, but the content was not all too impressive, mostly politics with a libertarian slant. First, sexuality is reduced to a matter of "who you fuck." Then, I am hit by a cartoon claiming that marginalized groups victimize themselves to create the "right to feel so lousy." I could go on and on. The only positive fact going for this *Fat Nipples* was being printed on hemp and straw paper. But issue #3 admits that this paper couldn't be used. AM (PO Box 2554/Trenton, NJ, 08690)

FEEL IT #3 8.25 x 6 5 francs 30 pgs

Crisp and clean computery 'zine gives us interviews (in French) with Treponem Pal, Buzzcocks, the Ex, M.O.D., and Bubble. Reviews and some political commentary fill it to the rim. Good, but I'm no fan of the two blank pages inside making tree stumps everywhere weep nostalgic for their glory days. SS (1, rue du 8 mai 1945/88130 CHARMES/France)

FLABBY #1 8.25 x 6 ??? 103 pgs

Super thick 'zine from Poland in—you guessed it—Polish. Actually there's an introduction piece b/w Polish scene report, both of which are in English so you can participate. Pretty punk-as-puck-a-tut-tut, if you know what I mean. Lots of scary looking ads and interviews with bands I've never ever heard of (except of course So Much Hate), plus reviews and eco-socio-political commentary. And for the record, these folks have a distribution going and want to put on a gig for your band, so get in touch. SS (Chrobrego 12/Siemianowice sl. 41 106/Poland)

FOOD BOX #4 8.5 x 5.5 ??? 6 pgs

A fun frolic through the land of self-deprecation. Here you can find insights on phone books, gongs, and—in keeping with the name—food. There's a guide to eating when you're ill and a guided tour of Chapel Hill, NC, when you're not. And for dessert, Al reviews pies. Mmmmmmm, pie SS (307 Blueridge Rd., Carrboro, NC 27510)

FOREVER #1 8.5 x 5.5 40 pgs

Since most of *Forever* consists of photos, I think investing in half-toning would have been wise. Other than that the writing focuses on various happenings in the scene. Interviews with *Fadeaway* and *Stagnant* result in nothing more than gossip. Jay also reviews a few records for good measure. Needs to expand in order to progress. AM (45573 Kensington/Utica, MI 48317)

FUNCTION #10 8.5 x 5.5 40 pgs

Function opens with a table called "Song of Beer" which was the longest piece in the zine. "More Girl Talk" and the discussion of Riot Grrrl from a boy's perspective were pretty elaborate and well written as well. I wanted to like the rest of this zine because it pointed out so many important issues, but I felt like the articles were left hanging after a short introduction. Though Dawn releases positive energy and prints a lot of contacts, the prose could improve with a little more effort. AM (20946 Bryant St. #31/Canoga Park, CA 91304)

GHOST DANCE 7 x 4.25 50¢ 22 pgs

Thick with thinking words, this zine trapped and tempted me into sucking on its sweet insides. Smooth and rhythmic like Kerouac writing be-bop style, the words offer short scenarios of real life (fictionalized or otherwise), and mantras of personal conviction as cud for us to chew. About desire, spirit, jazz, oppression, mindfuck. Not for those who have to ask, "But what do Moss Icon's lyrics mean?" SS (4910 Washington St./Downers Grove, IL 60515)

THE GREAT ENOCH #1 8.5 x 11 ??? 20 pgs

I read this really late at night trying to push myself to read one more be-

IT'S ALIVE #11 8.5 x 11 free 22 pgs

Inside this handsome cover one finds the totally Xtraight edgeX Inspired perspective of why jocks should get the fuck out of the shows and so on. Also includes interviews with Brian Baker (smoking and drinking) and Down By Law (stage diving). This boy is totally fascinated with the old school and shows his deference all throughout this aesthetic piece of work. It's a nice zine. LO (900 Azalea Street/Oxnard, CA 93039)

JUICY FRUIT #1 8.5 x 11 \$2 48 pgs

The Juicy Fruit gang puts out a 1993 yearbook for the Raleigh scene. The staff reviews and recapitulates the 'zines, shows, and records from this little North Carolina city. Reading someone else's yearbook feels weird, but I started to get into it after awhile. I followed the characters and looked at all the pictures. But the photos ruined the 'zine for me due to the resemblance Raleigh scenesters have to the people I saw while trapped at the Syracuse bus station for eight hours. Maybe that's just my problem. AM (1213 Linton/Carly, NC 27511)

KNIFE #5 4 23 x 5.5 50¢ 24 pgs

It's hard for me to just say this 'zine is like all the 'zines that focus on personal feelings and ideas, in doing so I would almost do egim ze writing 'zines all together. I don't want to do that. Mostly those are the types of 'zines I enjoy. This 'zine had its good and bad parts. This person had some interesting opinions, but it as a whole just didn't grab me. Writing includes stuff about an old fashioned barber shop, hating the pit, and things about the author. Nice cover though. LO (Po Box 2605/Westminster Station/ WPG MB/R3C 4K9/Canada)

LA COSTRA #6 8.5 x 11 \$3.5 44 pgs

Skateboardin', hardcore-lis'lin', Spanish speakin'/tryin'-to-speak. Kid's wet dream of a 'zine. But wait there's more! The text comes in both Spanish and English. Here you'll find bilingual interviews with 108, No Comment, Citizen Fish, Rhythm Collision, F.Y.P., and J Church. And just when you thought you'd seen it all, even the comics and reviews are in both tongues. Comes complete with skate photos and lotsa ads. Not my bag, but what of it? SS (Preso #49/Col. Sn. Jeronimo, C.P. 10200/Mexico D.F.)

LANDSLIDE #4 8.5 x 11 \$2 34 pgs

In as much as I am no 'zine hound and quite frankly seldom send away for them, Landslide is without a doubt one of the few I maintain a kind of unwavering allegiance to. It is consistently

...you can send your zine to another country, and free doesn't mean you shouldn't send some stamps...

good. Sure, it

tore I fell asleep and what I really remember is a song going through my head "What are words worth when no one listens anymore" There's a 9 page interview with Man Lifting Banner which I liked though I had a tough time concentrating on but the red flag can only wave so long before tired eyes. Also interviews with Onward, Age, Blacklist Mailorder, and a person who exposes the EC (that's the European Community for you ignorant kids) and thoughts from the author. I'm going to read this 'zine again and try to comprehend better. LO (Danmarksgade 82, stv/9000 Aalborg/Denmark)

GUMPTION #4 8.5 x 11 ??? 20 pgs

Largely handwritten in an excruciatingly painstaking style, this 'zine cannot be described as anything but impressive. Inside Walter does art, socio-political commentary, and personal reflection from his anarchist perspective. Topics explored include the sorry state of our lives under the current system, animal liberation, sexism, psychiatric therapy, and homophobia. Also offered are practical ways and means to personal revolution, a call to use trash as sabotage (at least until the poor money garbage collector has to clean it up), and a hefty insert on today's brainwashing techniques by Dick Sutphen. Well worth the money. But how much does it cost? SS (P.O. Box 981, Rochester, MN 55903-0981)

HANDBOOK FOR BOYS #3 8.5 X 5.5 free 10 pgs

Personal memories and fiction from various punks. Stories about rats, a girl, and a mysterious substance called the shit adom the colorful pages. I enjoyed it and it is more interesting than previously described. Short and sweet. LO (1717 Miller Ave./Westlake, LA 70669)

HEART ATTACK #1 8.5 x 11 \$1 48 pgs

This is a clean (almost mundane) looking 'zine with very few photos and a lot of text. The bulk of the 'zine is letters, columns, reviews and ads. There are some movie reviews, some food tips, an interview with the Beehive Collective and a sort of boring interview with Garden Variety. Not too bad for a first issue, but there is definitely a lot of room for improvement in both content and look. What *Heartattack* really lacks is a style of its own, it needs a character and some charisma. AB (Po Box 848/Goleta, CA 93116)

LIVE YOUR OWN FUCKIN' LIFE #4 8.5 x 5.5 free 24 pgs

This 'zine was incredibly difficult to read because of its punk rock layout, cut and paste typing with lots of ads. Articles on justice, survivalism, leaving animals alone, equality, etc. Record reviews and interviews with Litmus Green and Suppression but I didn't read them. Sorry. While I agreed with some of the opinions, it was such a pain to read I didn't enjoy it. I'm sure the author is going to think I'm being unfair or whatever but this is my honest review. LO (530 South Dobson Apt #301/Mesa, AZ 85202)

LIPON #4 8.5 x 5.5 free 24 pgs

Wisconsin punks write poetry, scene insight, local show reviews, record reviews (Rancid, Pegboy, etc.), instructions on how a jock should go wee-wee, and little comics throughout. I don't know if this is typical for this section of the country but this 'zine didn't excite me too much and I got a little bored reading it (but what does my opinion mean anyway?). All the same 1994 might be the year of raisins and ice cream, just not for me. LO (Rt. 2 Box 290/Bloomer, WI 54724)

LIZZIE #2 8.5 x 11 \$1 40 pgs

Here we find a quirky 'zine that is very much in the personal vein with sometimes rambling ideas and artsy type layout. The whole thing could have been reduced onto about 10 pages, but that wouldn't have been fitting

with the style. Topics range from a debate on pornography, Elvis & G.G. Allin, sex in the natural world (animal sex), family loyalty... and there are a lot of graphic art pages with single ideas conveyed, and a free condom is included, which I unfortunately will probably never get to use. Somehow I can't say this is bad, but I find myself a little lost in the shuffle. Not for everyone, but definitely for someone. KM (2205/Walnut Apt #4F/Philadelphia, PA 19103)

MANUMISSION #5 8.5 x 11 \$2 36 pgs

Dan pretty much follows the standard hardcore 'zine format. He does several interviews with folks like Neil Robinson and Hell No. And of course the zine, record, and live show reviews are in the last few pages. What makes this zine stand out are the short essays on various current events and historical happenings. Manumission contains articles on the 1967 Detroit riots, Peru, Chiapas, and Bessie Smith. The editorial on the back cover explores the decreasing attention span in America briefly. I think Dan should focus more on the historical ties between capitalism and journalism instead of blaming an amorphous conspiracy. This 'zine has the potential to impress, if only the essays were longer and the interviews shorter. AM (Po Box 841/Louisville, KY 40201-0841)

MASS REVOLT #12 8.5 x 11 stamp 4 pgs

Every issue of *Mass Revolt* is interesting, and I have made several of the vegan dishes that are listed from issue to issue. The nice thing about this is that it comes out all of the time and it is very personal covering one man's life and experience. Every issue is filled with reviews, opinions and recipes. KM (Po Box 1242/Allston, MA 02134)

MONKEYWRENCH #1 8.5 x 11 \$1 24 pgs

I did not like this 'zine. The interviews with Irresolution, a band who appears to care about nothing, and Sam Black Church, a band who appears to care about success, were boring; mostly on the part of the band but the 'ziner picked these bands to use. The author gives a local scene report and record reviews that I could care less about (no offense to the MA punks). The rest of the 'zine has personal/political thoughts and some tribute to the now dead-and-gone Frank Zappa which were written in chicken scratch. Snore. LO (17 Princeton Street/Holyoke, MA 01040)

NO GOD WE TRUST #3 8.5 x 11 \$2 32 pgs

Initially, I compared this work to a Love Burni production but it is not quite that bizarre. The words concentrate on losing faith and the images were stolen from various mass media sources. The two pieces that caught my fancy were "Scame" and "Stay Childish," both of which list free things to do when you feel bored. The high point of the 'zine is a questioning of

POSITRON #3 17 x 11.5 \$1 20 pgs

In the beginning *Positron* was a good 'zine that suffered from *No Answers* envy, and it was pretty hard for me to see past that, but now *Positron* looks about a hundred times better than anything I have ever done and it is a hell of a lot more interesting as well. This is probably the best 'zine to be reviewed this time around, so who cares what's in it, just get it. KM (Po Box 477469/Chicago, IL 60647)

REALITY CONTROL #9 5.5 x 4.25 stamps 84 pgs

John packs this issue with mass cool shit. He talks with Len Horowitz from *History of Recorded Sound* and Dick, who tells stories of his youth. There are pieces on records, a trip to Oregon, and an explanation of why coffee is dumb. These articles are surrounded by journal-type writings on various topics that just flow together. Sometimes I wish John was a little more confrontational, but that just wouldn't fit. I guess what I really appreciate about *Reality Control* is the chance to look inside someone's head. AM (5970 Birch #2/Carpinteria, CA 93013)

REJKT promo 4.5 x 3.7 8 pgs

This release is just a collection of pieces from the full zine, which costs a dollar. Basically, the writings are just ramblings but Jamie, the writer, claims that the real 'zine has the "typical band opinions, ads, quotes, pictures, opinions, ideas, and interviews." If I was supposed to be enticed by eight pages of babble without any topics, this zine failed. AM (Po Box 1982/Roanoke, VA 24008)

RENDEZVOUS WITH VIOLENCE #2 8.5 x 11 \$1 14 pgs

Essays about government, hating *Holocaust* fanzine, and abortion from a east coast keeper of the edge. Also has local show, record, and restaurant reviews. Photos litter almost every page but the best are old school pictures of Henry Rollins skating and posing from an '82 issue of *Thrasher* magazine. LO (5 Buswell Street Apt #7/Boston, MA 02215)

SALESMAN #5 8.5 x 5.5 free 24 pgs

Interviews with movers and shakers in the scene in the Alabama/ Louisiana area as well as an Elvis impersonator. Special biographical section from and about punques (that's how they spell it) in college and how it they feel about it. Record reviews, "confessions of a straight edge warrior", and a top ten; as well as the exposition of the toothbrush conspiracy that threatens us (personally, I didn't buy it. I love to brush). Interesting articles wrapped in a pretty purple cover. LO (7634 Plum Street/New Orleans, LA 70118)

SEEN NOT HEARD #1.5 8.5 X 5.5 ??? 2 pgs

A teaser of an issue, this 8 1/2 by 11 piece of paper folded in half is well worth a stamp for those of you still

Editor: Scott M. Scott, Art Director: LO: Len Horowitz, S: Jamie, AM: Amy Mekhjian, KM: Kent McClelland

punk/hardcore as a whole. If Scott elaborated on this theme and used more evidence, the essay would have rocked. AM (PO Box 1313/Nevada City, CA 95959)

PEARL #1 8.5 x 11 \$2 28 pgs

While awfully short, *Pearl* is overall a nice looking effort with lots of decent photos (though I hate computer scanned photos). There is an interview with Undertow which is good, and there is a great interview with Adrienne Spitboy in which she bags on Riot Grrl and pretty much sets herself up as an independent Cool. Of course there are also a few poem/writing type pieces. Hopefully issue #2 will be bigger and better (ask to get \$1.5). KM (Old Post Rd./Rd#1/Box#12/Redhook, NY 12571)

PROFANE EXISTENCE #21 17 x 11.5 \$2 23 pgs

This old standby, tried and true, packs yet another wallop against the way things are and we ever so badly wish they weren't. Anarchist news and views galore—enough reading to get your fingers all inky black like the only flag they wave. This issue sports interviews with Misery, So Much Hate, Civil Disobedience, & Acid Rain Dance and closes with a piece on anarcho-punks in Brazil. A good resource to alert you to anarchist and not-so-anarchist happenings around the globe. But, make no mistake, this speaks to a certain kind of anarchist, not all kinds (a near impossible feat I admit). SS (P.O. Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

PIMP #1 8.5 x 11 \$2 36 pgs

Pimp did absolutely nothing for me. The hip hop/straight edge feel it had only bored me. *Pimp* is looking to destroy America while writing on the environment, animals, drugs, sex, and separation of church and state. It's not that the things written about were totally lame, I just did not care to read it because it seemed to do nothing new; especially since two of the pages were taken from various Kent McClelland and Ebullition things. LO (43 Marine Ave./Jamestown, 02835)

unfamiliar with Mellie's world. In this 'zine between 'zines, she assures us that #2 is coming soon and gives us a peek at what this "gay-vegan-sXe-commie-girl-zeen" is all about. Good looking and smart in its 'just because you're the same sex as me, doesn't mean I have to be your best friend' stance. Look out for #2. SS (Po Box 4, Sta. C/Toronto, Ontario/M6J-3M7 Canada)

SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE #2 8.5 x 7 \$7 8 pgs

Half band interviews and half writing by the 'zine maker type person. The interviews are with Campagn and Sleeper, neither are particularly deep but they're enjoyable nonetheless. The topics of discussion are straight edge, veganism, abortion (pro-choice perspective) and some more on veganism. Included are some vegan recipes (can hardly wait to try the vegan mac n' cheese) and a list of animal derived ingredients stolen from peta (which is kinda difficult to read). Records are also reviewed and almost every one of them is compared to Earth Crisis in a way that is not exactly flattering to Earth Crisis. This wasn't exactly groundbreaking, but it was good nonetheless. BH (30 Columbus Ave./Edison, NJ 08817)

SLUG & LETTUCE #33 11.5 x 16 stamps 16 pgs

Basically, this is a classifieds and reviews contact type of a thing that covers the more filthy sort of grind, punk and hardcore. Chris also always manages to keep this real, interesting, and intelligent. Cool by me. KM (Po Box 2087/Peter Stuy. Stn./NY, NY 10009)

SOUND OFF #4 11 x 13 \$?? 16 pgs

The tabloid look is a little intimidating, but I soon got over that feeling. *Sound Off* puts forth a well laid out political forum with a few personal touches to take off the edge. There are essays on NAFTA, Leonard Peltier, and religion versus science. Dan also does some reviews and lists organizations to motivate hardcore people to take political action. The quality of information is excellent, but this zine could improve with some more personality displayed. AM (3432 S. 45th Street/Milwaukee, WI 53219)

SPEAK, SO THAT I MAY SEE YOU #1 8 x 11 \$7 36 pgs
Politico-personal 'zine saying a big N-O to greed, imperialism, patriotism, sexism, homophobia, and drugs, and an emphatic yes to veganism, revolution, and love. I like it. Surprised? And after you're through with Marco's opinions you can try the interviews on for size with Struggle and Shortsight. But like Marco's artsy handwritten word pages best. A good 'zine with a nice look and feel. SS (Berg-Am-Laim Str 76/81673 Munchen/Germany/Planet Earth)

SPIDERS SING ALONE 8.5 x 5.5 ?? 26 pgs

I'd say this artistic, introspective 'zine was too short a read, but some of you "personal" 'zine haters out there would counter by proclaiming that any 'zine with that description can never be too short. Well, I beg to differ, cause I like to walk around in other peoples' heads, hearts and souls. And that's what this 'zine invites you to do. And what's more, the short pieces of original writing take turns with excerpts from some great novels to give the whole booklet a literary feel. Not a true journey, mind you, but a fine walk all the same. SS (390 Merida Dr./Santa Barbara, CA 93111)

SPECTACLE #2 8.5 x 5.5 stamps 40 pgs

Spectacle documents Theo's reactions to what he reads in the paper and experiences in his life. He reprints articles from other sources and gives his take on issues including the environment, racism, and the Allsopp incident in Little Rock. All of these articles are fairly thought provoking. The interview with 8 Bark is long and keeps you reading with little morsels of trivia melted out every few sentences. More original material could make this 'zine a winner. AM (29841 GA Tech Station, Atlanta, GA 30332)

STAGNANT #2 8.5 x 5.5 \$7 40 pgs

Shot through the heart and you're to blame, you give straight edge a bad name. I could list thousands of quotes from this 'zine that made me cringe, but it isn't worth it. The editor speaks the discourse of spoiled white boys and doesn't think twice. My only solace lies in the fact that I will never know his "true meaning of straight edge." AM (705 N. Alexander, Royal Oak, MI 480647)

TALL TALES #4 8.5 x 5.5 \$1 32 pgs

Formerly Grandma's Cookies, Tall Tales #4 is one of the few 'zines I read this month that I really enjoyed. Letters section reasons why the city of Lincoln is good, on tour with Water diary, top ten real life adventures, and personal thoughts. Plus getting political on how McDonald sucks the life from the Third World and why dissection=bad. This 'zine has a plethora of emo characteristics. Coming from a totally pessimist view point and really good, I especially

readers should look at the arguments and presentation critically. The analysis of P.C. straight edge and gun control is a little too superficial. But overall the TIRC crew brings out a pretty good 'zine. AM (PO Box 5202/St. Louis, MO 63139)

TRUSTKILL #2 8.5 x 11 \$2 36 pgs

Lots of pictures in this one. Also has some pretty long interviews with Groundwork, Chokehold and Krishna himself. Letters and music/zine reviews are represented along with some writing on growing up and giving different types of music a chance. You even get a list of the top ten reasons to masturbate in this one. I liked it overall, except for the part where the editor says that he wants to get the lyrics from one of the more fascistic songs I've ever heard tattooed on his forehead. Aside from that it was a good read. BH (Josh Grabelle/23 Farm Edge Lane/Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

WANNA COMMUNICATE? # 8.5 x 11 \$2 26 pgs

Interviews with Chisel, Junction, Left Insane, Jawbreaker, Nation Of Ulysses and Drive Like Jehu combined with cool photos make this a pretty good read, though sometimes a bit vacuous. Also the one line record reviews are funny. KM (16 Willow St/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

WOUND #3 7 x 8.5 \$7 24 pgs

Here we have a nice looking little 'zine from Florida. There is an interview with Undertow which is cool and everything, but if Undertow is so political why do their records come out with UPC codes on labels with financial backing from the business world? My favorite part was an interview with Reaction Skateboards. I bought my first board in 1976 and I still skate ramp about four days a week, and it seems to me that the entire skate industry has become mindless and devoid of all thought what-so-ever. So it was cool to see a skate company that could think beyond "tits and ass = profit." KM (308 Beckett Court/Winter Park, FL 32792)

UNDERDOG #7 8.5 x 11 \$1 40 pgs

Underdog 'zine comes out with tons of shit about Chicago. Some of it is good, some of it would interest me if I lived in the city and some of it is just pointless talk about the Underdog crew and their humor. I liked the historical account of Chicago's Forgotten Railroad and the talk with Jay Lynch. But I really didn't need bad comics, hot dog reviews, recipe of the stars, and Buffy and Sissy's home alone tale. For a dollar I want more thought and less filler about a certain scene and their friends. AM (PO Box 14182/Chicago, IL 60614)

WOODBOX #5 8.5 x 5.5 \$7 36 pgs

Woodbox contains a load of personal writings that were at the very least honest. John (the editor) does an interview with John McCalig, a 34 year old art teacher/

zine reviews

liked "school days" essay. LO (4805 Deer Creek Drive/Lincoln, NE 68516)

TEENAGE DEVO OF HORROR #3 8.5 x 5.5 free 32 pgs
This 'zine pours out from the mind of a friend of mine who can only be described as tripenderful. *Teenage Devotion Of Horror* has hit issue number three with more entertaining stories and neuroses from the author on his fears and loves. Also includes letters from other people about stuff that bothers them, essay on metal, and plugging for his ska band. This 'zine is only for those with a light hearted sense of humor. And if you enjoy this issue #1 and #2 are just as groovy. LO (2407 Chapala Street/Santa Barbara, CA 93105)

3 DAY SENTENCE #1 8.5 x 5.5 free 20 pgs

Jake had to stay at home with his Grandma for three days straight and Jake made a fanzine. Jake talks about personal feelings mostly and lists lyrics that speak to him. Jake suggests some good books and John Cusack movie trilogy for boredom. Jake takes shots at the so-cal scenerstar Mark Rogers in his "dance-o-generator" section (which looks a lot like the apple bobbing dance from the no-choice demo). Jake had a bad three days and made this a testament to it and it isn't as bad as most fanzines that spawn from the same conditions. No, Jake, I didn't hate it. LO (1950 Smokewood Court/Thousand Oaks, CA 91362)

TROUBLE IN RIVER CITY #4/5 8.5 x 11 \$2 80 pgs

TIRC balances personal touch with addressing the issues in an almost perfect manner. Jason and Steve write some stories about St. Louis and their trips to other places. The account of the Dummyroom incident is the best narrative I have read lately. Propagandhi, the Queers, 8 Bark, the Groups, and Huasipungo get interviewed. Articles deal with themes including P.C., the Digger Movement, heckling, gun control, the validity of straight edge, Somalia, the Haymarket incident, and Fugazi dealing with commercial success. Though the authors deal with most of these topics thoughtfully,

scenerstar, which I found interesting. But every time the 'zine ventures into political/philosophical writing, I get mixed messages. Woodbox travels from moralist quotes such as, "Sex without commitment from both sides disgusts me" and "You will fucking burn," to "I also find that punks are so judgmental toward me because I'm straight edge." Maybe you have to know the editor to figure out when he is being sarcastic. I guess you have to know him to get the 'zine since no address is printed. AM

WORDS AND LETTERS #3 8.5 x 5.5 \$7 20 pgs

Jeroen presents a quality 'zine albeit a little bit on the short side. He writes a tour diary for Nations on Fire and ends up destroying the band. There are also articles about the record scene in Belgium and tons of record reviews. The Manjumission interview might be interesting if you're not in the band. The tour diary alone makes the 'zine worth it. AM (PO Box 90/8500 Kortrijk, Belgium)

WRONG #1 8.5 x 5.5 \$7 36 pgs

Peter creates an honest and introspective 'zine. He interviews Justin Suburban and Dan O'Mahoney, both of whom have some interesting phrases to turn. The review section lists a lot of cool shit. The last page unifies the rest of the pages and puts a personal feel into the 'zine as a whole. "Smart Edge" is what Wrong is about. AM (PO Box 950271 Mission Hills, CA 91395-0271)

ZEEN #9 8.5 x 5.5 \$1 28 pgs

If you do a 'zine, then you should put some effort into it. The six page "Deflating Religion" piece was basically some poorly xeroxed photos with cheap slogans. Next, there are some more low quality photo collages that might have looked good at one point. Then the editor reviews instrumental records followed by more reviews of whatever he likes. Not much substance to this AM (703 Carnage Hill #8/Iowa City, IA 52246)

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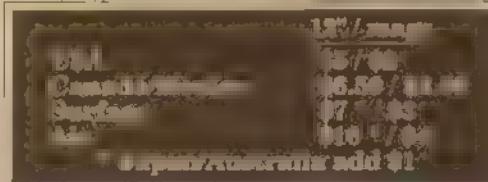
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VISUAL STIMULATION

by Marianne Hofstetter

John Turturro has made a lot of good movies into great movies, or bad ones have at least become watchable. Like the young Robert de Niro he has that manic intensity about him that so many young actors seem to lack, that ability to pull you in and get you hooked. Just check out *Barton Fink*, *Five Corners*, *Do the Right Thing*, *State of Grace* or *Miller's Crossing*.

Like a lot of other actors he wanted to direct a movie of his own and luckily he pulled it off very well. After working almost nine years on the script he directed *MAC*, a movie based on the life of his father, a second generation Italian-American contractor and his two brothers. *MAC* is a very un-Hollywood picture, because its characters act and look like real working class people and because the movie's theme is about a person's love for his work and not some hunk blowing up five thousand people. So don't be surprised to see Turturro take a crap during one scene while one of his brothers shaves and the other sits in the bath tub.

Mac, played by Turturro, has a strong work ethic, a thing he obviously inherited from his recently deceased father. In fact he quits his job because in order to save money his Polish boss makes him build houses of inferior quality, saying that "when you sell a cheap house with a big profit, then you made business, otherwise you just worked". A statement like that is naturally bound to anger Mac, a man who considers every job to be "like a first love". So he decides to buy land and build his own houses together with his brothers. With the help of Mac's fiancee they actually manage to get going and start building houses on a piece of land in-between a mental institution and a cow farm.

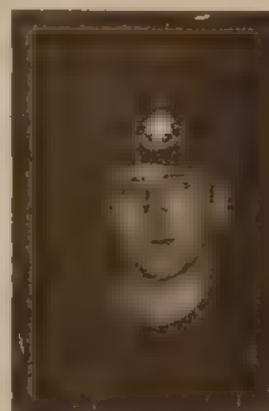
So far so good, but Mac is a lot more enamored with his work than his brothers are, one being an art student and the other one a guy who likes working just as much as he enjoys hanging out with his friends and pursuing sexual adventures with a whacked beatnik (excellently portrayed by Ellen Barkin). Mac is a very likeable guy mostly because he is honest and dedicated but he is also a tyrant who pushes his brothers a lot further than they're willing to go. How long can one work with a man with an attitude like "There's only one way to do things; the right way and my way. And they're both the same."? Of course, the inevitable thing is going to happen and he will have to let his brothers go and pursue their own happiness.

Oops, I just gave away the whole story... but never mind *MAC* isn't so much a story as it is a study about work and a man's love for it. There are many beautiful lines like "If you hate your work then you hate your life. And who can live like that?" and scenes like the one where Mac sells his house to a young family and makes them promise to take good care of it as if he were giving away his child.

Unfortunately a lot of us are stuck with miserable jobs and we would all like to make a living doing something we love. Mac as well as John Turturro seem to have found that and I wonder how the father would feel about his son's work - him being an artist and all. Turturro is obviously very good at what he is doing, I guess his Dad would have appreciated that.

Say you liked *Blood Simple* and didn't entirely hate *The Hot Spot* and you go for the loner-comes-to-a-small-town-and-

then-the-shit-hits-the-fan kind of movie then you should check out *Red Rock West*. It's a suspenseful thriller starring Nicolas Cage as an Ex-Marine who hits some town in the middle of nowhere and is mistaken for a... No, wait, I'm not going to give anything away here. If you're smart, don't even read the box because it's a lot more fun to watch the plot evolve without having any idea about what's going to happen next. Every five minutes you'll find yourself going "Oh shit! What's he gonna do now?", although the story starts sagging a little bit in the middle when the mandatory sex scene is about to happen. But even here, things aren't really what they seem and the movie quickly picks up speed again. Did I mention Dennis Hopper co-stars? This time around he isn't that scary - this is no *Blue Velvet* anyway - he's more like an old geezer who walks around as if he had just shit his pants. At any rate this is visually stunning first class entertainment. It isn't deep but maybe you can do 90 minutes without any socio-political input and save the world later.



A little while ago I read a review about *The Remains of the Day* that said that a movie you can go see with your mother can't be any good. Gee, what if your Mom loves *Night of the Living Dead* and a gore-fest like *Bad Taste*? Mine does. I guess that doesn't leave much for me to watch but High School flicks or Sylvester Stallone trash, because she doesn't like those. Come to think of it I consider it a very punk thing to go see a movie with your old folks. It's certainly more challenging than just hanging out with your buddies. When I go see a film with my Mom she usually offers a differing point of view given her older age and the fact that she grew up during World War II.

But excuse my rambling. The reason I mention this, is that a little while ago I went to see another of those "old folks" movies. When I checked out the crowd standing in line to get into *Shadowlands* I realized that I must be the youngest person attending. I don't really want to explain the story, let's just say it's a movie about two intelligent fiftyish people falling in love. It's nothing spectacular but that is actually what I liked most about it; just excellent acting, smart dialogue, no violence and no adolescent humor. Even though it was about a college professor and a poet with a little kid it didn't seem to be that different from my own emotional life. Starting a relationship always means to open yourself to another person, to break down some of those walls you've built and consequently to become vulnerable. It complicates your life and it's confusing as hell. No wonder that the main character in *Shadowlands* gets pretty freaked out when he realizes he's about to say good-bye to the well rehearsed routine he calls his life. It was quite moving to see a man that had shut out the world outside of Oxford for such a long time slowly open himself and choose to participate in life. Anthony Hopkins gives an extraordinary performance. There's this one scene towards the end where he lets go of all the pain and anger inside him and starts crying hysterically. A merciless camera rests on him sitting in the attic shaking and sobbing violently,

exposing himself to a point where most actors would just chicken out and cover their faces. It killed me. So be Punk, grab your Mom and go see *Shadowlands*, chances are you'll both like it.



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classifieds

Guitar player in Santa Barbara area seeks others in general vicinity with which to make music in the vein of Heroin, John Henry West, Swiz, Merel, Econochrist. If interested contact Brett at (805) 968-4842. Preferably looking for people who aren't already in fifty-trillion other bands.

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Phukked Upp Phood

by Brett Hall

This is really fucked up and I'd even contemplate. The odd thing about this month's dish is that you can prep one day and eat it the next.

Tempura Pasta Salad

1 package of tempeh

2 cups macaroni shells

1 cup peas

1/2 cup sliced pickles

1/2 cayenne pepper (optional)

F

stir it up but tempeh can n

This is mainly to

raw

shells. Just cook these and when they are done, add them in cold water until they are cool. By this time the

tempeh should be a brick, slap it into a large mixing bowl and start mashing it with a fork. How well mashed the tempeh should be is up to

you. Now add the macaroni, peas, pickles, and cayenne pepper. Now dump the pasta in with the tempeh and mix it all up. The peas and relish are added next. After you have mixed all of this up start adding the tempeh, how much is up to you. Now sprinkle a little (or a lot depending on your taste)

chill the salad in the fridge for a few hours and then it is ready to be devoured.

If you're alone you can save it in the fridge for about a week. When it starts to smell like it is going to die it is fuzzy its time to toss it.

RECORD REVIEWS

RECORD REVIEWS is a monthly column that reviews records and CDs that are sent in to us by record companies, record labels, and individuals. Any record or CD that has an UPC label and the UPC has been stickered and has a small letter review may record that is financed by one of the local R&B labels or small grants in the D.C. area (including, but not limited to, Cringe, Helter Skelter, etc.). If you have a record you'd like reviewed, send it to RECORD REVIEWS, 1100 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004. We are only interested in supporting the underground do-it-yourself scene, and it is our opinion that UPC codes along with press and distribute (P&D) relationships are not fitting with the do-it-yourself ethic of hardcore. No record will be rejected solely on musical style. After all, how do you find out what's good, not by musical style. But please remember that reviews are not always positive and that each review only represents the opinion of one reviewer. Reviewers: KM = Kent McClard, BH = Brett Hall, MH = Marianne Hotzetter, JB = Jamey Billing, SS = Sonia Skindrud, LO = Lisa Ogle, JF = Frank Burkard, RF = Rob Francisco, and AB = Archie Bunker.

ACME • 7"

While in Europe I saw a band called New Deal. They were horrible, fake, and totally stupid. They made me sick to my stomach, and they reminded me of everything I hated about hardcore. New Deal is now called Acme, but somehow their music is totally crazed and enthralling, and their lyrics are intelligent, though when I saw them they smoked cigarettes and now they have a song against addiction. This is a great record combining the heavy mosh style with a brutal grind influence, but I wonder if their live appearance would still make me sick. If this is a legitimate change for the better than I'm way into this, but if the change is simply a new way to be cool and get attention then rot in hell mother fuckers. KM (\$3 to Machination/Po Box 90/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

AGENT 94 • Be Controlled 7"

Musically Agent 94 seems a bit dated with their style being a sort of medium tempo punk sound that hails from the mid-'80s. Comparisons to N.O.T.A., M.D.C., or The Offenders seem in order, though Agent 94 definitely has their own sound and these comparisons are vague at best. Lyrically they continue in that vein with solid political themes. Eight years ago I would have been really into this, but today I find myself a bit disinterested even though I'll be the first to admit that this is a really good punk record, and Be Controlled certainly gives me no cause for complaint. KM (\$3 to Little Red Head/1693 Franceschi Rd./Santa Barbara, CA 93103)

ASSFACTOR 4 • Sometimes I Suck 7"

Kind of a poppy version of Heroin, which at times reminded me of Candle, and a little bit like Swiz. Semi-chaotic hardcore music with a melodic slant to it featuring screamed vocals a la Heroin. Personal type lyrics about being in a small town and such. I liked this one quite a bit. BH (Repercussion/3871 Piedmont Ave. box 312/Oakland, CA 94611)

assfactor 4!



BUREAU OF THE GLORIOUS/PIVOT • split 7"

The only band that comes to mind while listening to B.O.T.G. is an obscure D.C. band called Press Mob; truly beautiful singing backed by very Dischord influenced post-hard-punk-easy-pop, not unlike a good version of Shudder To Think, which incidentally does not exist in the real world. Pivot is in the same vein musically but their song lacks lyrics and instead over-dubs movie sound bites, which

works surprisingly well. As a whole this 7" is on the light side, but it touches the human experience just enough to keep it all palatable. KM (\$3 to Sunney Sindicut/915 L Street C-166/Sacramento, CA 95814)

BUZZOV•EN • Unwilling To Explain 7"

For reasons I can't articulate I never found Neurosis to be of much interest, but somehow I always enjoy listening to Buzzov•en even though their sound is in many ways cut from the same stone as that of Neurosis. The three songs here are heavy but not oppressing and their lyrical outlook is depressing without being depressing in content. If you're in on their game then this has your name written all over it, and if this isn't familiar then maybe you should plug in for a sample. KM (\$3 to Allied/Po Box 460683/San Francisco, CA 94146)

BLINDFOLD • Restrain The Thought 12"

Unfortunately, the packaging is so slick and revolting in its duplication of major label art styles that this record could easily be overlooked as a dance 12" or some here-today-gone-tomorrow pop band, but Blindfold actually plays competent post-1988-eramoshcore (re: not being mosh, but evolved from that sound) with vocal work that sounds much like Ray/Krishna/Shelter, which is at times a bit annoying in its similarity to Shelter, though fortunately Blindfold's music and live show is a 1,000 times more honest than what the bozos in Shelter are doing, and thus Blindfold's material is interesting and worth a listen, though it definitely isn't for everyone. KM (Conquer The World)

BLINDSIDE • From Within 7"

This band from Pennsylvania shares its name with one of the most powerful straight edge songs of all time, but can't live up to it. The music is tight but sounds like a weak version of the music from the Lifetime 7". There are two vocalists on this record, but you can't tell. Why do you need two songs about lost friendship? There's got to be something more to talk about. RF (\$3 to 1124 Records/Po Box 269/West Chester, PA 19381)

BLITZ BABIES • 7"

Upbeat pop punk a la Cringer with Iron Maiden-esque breaks here and there. I'm not that much of a pop punk fan but this was actually pretty decent. Semi-personal lyrics that fit with the musical style make this a pretty enjoyable little package. BH (No Deal Records/Po Box 158/Camperdown/NSW, 2050, Australia)

BLOWNAPART BASTARDS/RESOL • split 7"

The recording quality could have been a lot better, but still it is apparent that these two North Carolina bands are good at what they do. Blownapart Bastards are more on the heavy side leaning toward thrash/grind, while Resol are more up-beat and almost on the melodic side. Good job, but with a solid recording this could have been even better! KM (\$3 to Mabro Records/5808 Timber Ridge Dr./Raleigh, NC 27609)

BOMBSHELL • LP

At first I thought it was PMS but then I realized it was this record that gave me a horrible splitting headache. It's music that goes nowhere (with very uninspired drumming). Not once did I feel anything emotional or personal in any of their songs. Musically they're quite varied trying about every style possible, even rap. But it just doesn't work. The art work as usual is stunning, although all those Allied records start looking the same MH (\$6 to Dakota/Allied Records/Po Box 460683/San Francisco/CA 94146)

CHALK • 7" (comes with *Aholton* 'zine)

Medium paced emoish feel but each song sounds a little different. The first song reminds me of a poppy Rights of Spring sound but the second song is a melodic duet that reminds me more of Ashes. On the other side the two songs are more emoey than the first. The more I listened to this seven inch the more it started to grow on me. LO (\$3 to Mark Dober/10 Wingfield Circle/Little Rock, AR 72205)

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE • *In A Few Hours...* 7"

Fast, very fast, with screechy obnoxious vocals. Reminds me of Grimple with more political lyrics. I actually like this a lot but the inner sleeve is really stupid, maybe I just can't take a joke. Aside from that this rules. FB (\$3 to Profane Existence/Po Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

COLD WORLD • *So Far So Fast* CD

Clocking in at 49 minutes this baby packs in an LP and two 7's worth of fast paced and heavy assaulting "hawdkaw". Cold War take off with a Ripcord/Heresy sound and combine it with well meant lyrics that are occasionally in the tongue-in-cheek category, and they come out with a style that maintains that brutal attack without falling into the grindcore genera. Their influences are easily seen with covers by Septic Death, Heresy, and Siege. Awesome. KM (\$9 to Sound Pollution/Po Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017-0742)

CONVICTION • 7"

I'm stoked on the fact that Watermark has moved out of the Dutch East house to become a real label and not some twisted record logo thing, but unfortunately I'm not totally excited about the mosh metal that Conviction churns out. The 7" is packaged in that slick glossy style that has become so prevalent in this genre, and the music is right on the numbers as well. It all just strikes me as being strikingly boring and very predictable. KM (Watermark)

CURRENT/INDIAN SUMMER • split 7"

Current is sensational, at times comparable to Moss Icon and yet somehow managing to retain their own identity. The sound quality is better on the LP, though any Current connoisseur should get this. Indian Summer do a very post-Sinker type of a song, which makes sense considering they are the aftermath of Sinker. Simple and enjoyable. KM (Homemade/Po Box 3021/Berkeley, CA 94703)

THE CHAMPIONS • *Once And Future King* 7"

On a musical level both of these songs are very much in the vein of the mosh metal evolution. "Hangers" is a good pro-choice song and "Once And Future King" seems to be about ego and how it can take over, both of which are well put together. But again, the music seems a bit dated and this approach has been done so many times that only the truly amazing can pull it off, and that's not the case this time around. KM (\$3 to MooCow/38 Larch Circle/Belmont, MA 02178)

THE CREEPS • *Invasive Your Pleasure Zone* 7"

Fucked up, and poor sounding with lots of tape hiss—as they wanted it. The Creeps seem to be drawing on the disaster of The Germs to put together a sort of crawling mess of nothingness and audible disinterest. In the flesh the Creeps were cool for the variety they provided and their quirky bored-of-you approach was fun to catch, but on vinyl the sense of what is going down seems a bit lost. KM (\$3 to Karate/Po Box 93296/Los Angeles, CA 90093-0296)

DISSENSION • *Sanctioned* 7"

Everything from the anti-war, anti-cops, anti-racist themes to the lightning fast thrash, raspy-growled vocals, to the cut and paste art work is in line with the grind genera. Absolutely no new ground is broken with this release, but undoubtedly Dissension knows that. Chalk this up as a well put together record by a well meaning band that is worth listening to and checking out. KM (\$3 to Fetus/2966 S. Country Club Way/Tempe, AZ 85282)



DIVE • 7"

Though it fell into the mosh category at times it reminded me of a less technical Rorschach for the most part. Hardcore with a hefty metal influence, lots of crunchy guitar, screamed vocals, but still retaining lots of energy. There's one spot in the first song where the vocalist sounds like he's about to break into full-on rock mode but happily this only lasts for a few seconds and doesn't return anywhere else on the record. The vocals are of the personal sort, at times they got a bit too abstract for me but then you can't please everybody. Overall I liked it. BH (\$3 to Evolution/368 Walnut St./Shrewsbury, MA 01545)

ECONOCHRIST • *Skewed* 7"

What can I say? If you missed Econochrist it's your loss. I want to say they saved the best for last but all their stuff is incredible, and this last installment in the Econochrist legacy is no exception. I don't quite know how to describe their sound since Econochrist-ish is an adjective I use to describe other bands. At times they are melodic, but always powerful and never lacking in energy. I can't think of any other way to tell you what they sound like other than just suggesting that you obtain one of their records at all costs. This also comes with the final issue of *No Answers* 'zine. BH (\$2.5 to Ebullition/Po Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

FIVE-O • *Fall Through* 7"

I love this seven inch. Some say it sounds like a powerful version of old Jawbreaker, I say it has a strong sound backed by an imperfect voice spouting meaningful shit. So maybe we agree. Anyway it is good emo-type hardcore and I'm probably going to wear out the grooves with my shitty record player listening to it. LO (\$3 to File Thirteen/Po Box 251304/Little Rock, AR 72225)

FLAGMAN • 7"

Heavy modern hardcore that is usually called "straight edge" sounding, meaning it could be on Conversion and the likes. The outstanding thing here are the vocals because they sound very peculiar. They find their way around the riffs as opposed to just singing along with them. Can't really explain it. However, this is a good record if you like the genera. MH (\$3 to Consequence Records/7 Glen Clair/Trenton, NJ 08618-1943)

FLOODGATE • *Troubles A Brewin'* 12"

Popish emo stuff, kinda like the older Jawbreaker but heavier at times and has more energy. The rough vocals, that are sung for the most part but at times slip into the yelled category, fit well with the music. The lyrics are for the most part personal with a few political punches thrown in. I liked it, my only complaint is that at times the guitar is mixed a bit on the low side. BH (\$6 to Ebullition-YouthStrikeChord/Po Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

RECORD

REVIEWS

THE GEEZERS • 7"

Imagine taking an English punk band from around '83 and dropping them into '94 Chicago and you have just formed a clear picture of this record (they even have umlauts over the second e in their name on the back cover). Basic punk sound with lyrics about killing the boss' son and how much they hate music from Manchester and so on. Not exactly my cup of tea, but if you have a leather jacket with umlauts somewhere on it then this may be just what you're looking for. BH (\$3 to Underdog Records/Po Box 14182/Chicago, IL 60614)

FLOOR • 7"

Heavy and medium paced grunge with unintelligible and distorted vocals. Reminiscent of Buzzoven or The Melvins. No lyric sheet, only two songs, and not much in the way of information. For some reason I find this listenable, though I can't come up with any possible explanation for that phenomenon. KM (\$3 to Dirge/Po Box 7044/Hollywood, FL 33081)

FRICITION • Blurred In Six LP

The nine tunes featured here are very much in the same realm as Jawbreaker, Evergreen and Still Life. The music is melodic with a soft edge that doesn't break down into mere pop. The vocal work is more polished than I would like, which is why I can't really get into Jawbreaker or Evergreen, and I wish the sound had a bit more bite. But this is still an enjoyable, even if it could use a little more "umph." KM (\$6 to Allied/Po Box 460683/San Francisco, CA 94146)

FRONTIER TRUST • 7"

Fortunately, Frontier Trust have a lot of spunk because otherwise this would be a horribly boring rock'n'roll record. The three songs are very much rock based, but there is just enough energy and snap-crackle-pop (sorta like Avail) to keep me listening. KM (\$3 to Caulfield/5701 Randolph/Lincoln, NE 68510)

FUN GIRLS FROM MT. PILOT • Hi Doll 7"

The music on the first side reminds me of early Dayglo Abortions, the other side is a bit thrashier. The lyrics are predominantly of the silly, nonsensical vein except for "Let's Play Pretend" which takes on people who never seem to have any money to spend on punk shows but then they shell out lots of cash to see some major label acts (sounds quite familiar). Of course they tell people to listen to NOFX who haven't played a show for under \$10 in years. This wasn't the worst thing I reviewed this month but it still didn't interest me much. BH (House O' Pain/PO Box 120861/Nashville, TN 37212)

G-ANX • Flashback CD

This is everything ever put out on vinyl plus some extra trax. It all rules. Fast grind with vomitus vocals and good lyrics. You really can't go wrong on this one, except that it's a CD and costs \$9!! FB (\$9 to Sound Pollution/Po Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017-0742)

GARDEN VARIETY • LP

If you want to stock up on your Jawbreaker record collection go and buy this record, you won't notice any difference except that Jawbreaker usually includes a lyric sheet. No, really, I like Garden Variety a lot, they just don't have a style of their own, but oh well... Unfortunately the production here lacks some depth but it's impossible to beat a classic album like Unfun anyway, so it doesn't really matter. MH (\$6 to Gern Blandsten/305 Haywood Drive/Paramus, NJ 07652)

GASOLENE / BOB • split 7"

Gasolene does the emo-mosh thing not unlike Blindfold or Trial by Jury. Strong personal lyrics and passionate vocals make for a pleasant listening experience. They care about what they're doing and it shows. The two BOB songs suffer from a very poor production, if they sounded better they'd probably be a real college crowd pleaser, meaning I think it sucks. They seem to have an attitude problem or maybe I do, who knows. Instead of lyrics they have a picture of themselves. Hey, if they don't care, why the hell should I? The whole packaging looks quite horrible and cheap; it suits BOB just fine, but Gasolene deserves better. MH (Cactus Prick Records/Po Box 27142/Tempe/AZ 8525)

THE GEEZERS • 7"

Imagine taking an English punk band from around '83 and dropping them into '94 Chicago and you have just formed a clear picture of this record (they even have umlauts over the second e in their name on the back cover). Basic punk sound with lyrics about killing the boss' son and how much they hate music from Manchester and so on. Not exactly my cup of tea, but if you have a leather jacket with umlauts somewhere on it then this may be just what you're looking for. BH (\$3 to Underdog Records/Po Box 14182/Chicago, IL 60614)

GIANTS CHAIR • Hot Boy 7"

Oh yeah, they've got that Jawbox thing going here. You know, medium-paced dissonant yet melodic songs. The vocals aren't as polished, though. But now that Jawbox is gone - so to speak - it's time to check out the new guys. Good Record. MH (\$3 to Caulfield Records/5701 Randolph/Lincoln/NE 68510)

GLAZED BABY • Squeeze The Tail, Suck The Head 7"

Kinda reminded me of Drive Like Jehu. Super-slick packaging will be yours if you choose to get this record, but you will get no lyric sheet. Not something I was all that into but if you like the Drive Like Jehu sound then you might. BH (\$3 to Allied/Po Box 460683/San Francisco, CA 94146)

GOB • Winkie CD

When I saw the cover of this I thought it was going to be a bunch of pop punk songs, but I was quite surprised. This was more like a heavier version of Ministry or a lighter version of the Melvins, or you could view them as a combination of the two. Basically this consists of really heavy drums behind fuzzed out guitars and bass, but the vocals are still yelled and screamed most of the time (with spoken parts as well) but don't fall into the above stereotype. But as with most music of this type a lot of the songs tend to drag on forever (or at least seem to) and get a bit boring after a while. If you're into heavy music this might be worth checking out. BH (Satan's Pimp/1409 Tonopah St./Reno, NV 89509)

GOB/FREAKAZOID ROBOT 2000 • split 7"

Heavy music that never seems to go anywhere. YAWN. BH (Satan's Pimp/1409 Tonopah St./Reno, NV 89509)

HALF MAN • No Choice But To Learn 7"

Thrash hardcore in the vein of Citizens Arrest. The lyrics are along the personal/political lines. Don't have much else to say except that I liked it. BH (\$2.75 to Chicken Farm/Po Box 234/Little York, NJ 08834)

HELLBENDER • 7"

Music you can jump lithely to. Two songs here to infect you with their singalongability. Side A makes me want to lick something and Side B makes me want to dance with the nearest dog. But whatever your pleasure you cannot not tap some extremity in sync. Real lyrics about stuff that happens and what it feels like. Better than pop, a punk romp in reflection and straight forward fun. Fits like an old shoe. SS (Behemoth Records/Po Box 874/Lindenhurst, NY 11757-0874)

HIATUS • From Resignation... LP

It took a couple of listens, but this is the shit. Much better than earlier stuff and with more lyrics. If you dig fast Dischargey grind then this is for you. Sixteen crusty anthems and the word horrendous. FB (\$7 to Sound Pollution/Po Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017-0742)

HORACE PINKER • Knives, Guns & Ammunition 7"

Catchy modern melodic hardcore. They remind me of Die Toten Hosen, a german punk rock band. Guess, you don't know them, too bad. Powerful production, nice graphics and all. It rocks. MH (\$3 to Rhetoric Records/PO Box 82/Madison/WI 53701)

HUGGY BEAR • Long Distance Lovers 7"

Sometimes I think Huggy Bear is just Bikini Kill with British accents, but I still like them. Their new seven inch continues to produce a tougher sound than most American riot grrl bands. While I thought "Code Fucker" was annoying the rest of the record was fine. The first side of the record, especially "Steppin' On Bugs", reminded me of the Daydream Nation album by Sonic Youth, which I like. If you've liked most of their previous releases then you'll probably like this one too. LO (\$3 to Gravity/Po Box 81332/San Diego, CA 92138)

IMMORAL MAJORITY • 7"

Immoral Majority take the mosh thing that was popular in the States in the late '80s and make it their own without sounding like Youth Of Today's bastard son. The approach is catchy and powerful, and the vocals sound really good, especially since they are in Italian instead of pigeon-English. Lyrics deal with disillusionment with modern society. Cool. I wish more European bands could take Immoral Majority's direction and sing in their own language instead of English. It sounds much more natural and less forced. KM (Green Records/Via Faloppio 38/35100 Padova/Italy)

INTENSE DEGREE • The Eyes Have It 10"

The cover pictures multiple pupils, hence the pun. Pretty fast thrashy stuff (without great production but several million times better than what you'd expect for being recorded in a kitchen), lyrics ranging from serious to non-descript. Gotta love "You're No Punk, You're Just Drunk" and I liked the nihilist humor of "I've Gotta Cure." Positive aspects aside though, seven bucks is too much for a 10". JB (\$7 to Sound Pollution/Po Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017-0742)

JULIA • 7"

Even though this record is way too short and the packaging sucks (the sweat off a dead man's balls) it still won me over. Musically Julia is one of a kind; a guitar sound that goes from the meek to the powerful chugga-chugga noise of a mosh crew member in heavy labor, and vocals that change quickly from whiny to lung-exploding. They aren't fast or anything, and their song writing does everything to sound harmonic as opposed to the dissonant noise most bands prefer to play nowadays. So how come listening to them makes me want to smash my head against a wall? Maybe just because they're incredibly good. MH (\$3 to Rivers End/9525 Mission Gorge Rd.#81/Santee/CA 92071)

JUNKDRAWER • 7"

Jangly pop punk pushing over into the "emo" realm seems to be pretty popular in Colorado these days and Junkdrawer is a fine example of this sort of thing. In some ways it seems like Colorado has almost become the "East Bay" of the '90s with bands like Junkdrawer, Pilot Car, Small Dog Frenzy, Bell Jar, and Turnkey all taking this similar musical avenue at the same time. Very contemporary, and very now in terms of this genera. KM (\$2.5 to Freewill Records/1650 Trenton, St./Denver, CO 80220)

LARGE HARDWARE • California 91 7"

Fast paced old style punk in the vein of Youth Brigade, well maybe not that good. They prolong their songs with uninteresting gimmicks that make me want to leave the room. No lyric sheet, even if I wanted to sing along I couldn't. It's a record their friends will buy, but not me. MH (Signal Sound Systems/Po Box 1861/Victorville/CA 92392)

LAZYBOY • 7"

Melodic punk rock with a pro-communication message. I like the lyrics more than the music, although the vocals sound boring and the singing style needs some reconsideration. I'm glad this is only a 7" because I probably would have started to hate this if it had gone on for any longer. MH (\$3 to Allied Records/Po Box 460683/San Francisco, CA 94146)

LINE DRIVE • Lead On 7"

Very solid release from this straight edge band out of North Carolina. The first song reminds me of the Chokehold 12" while the other two have a Foundation feel to them. Tight and heavy music with strong vocals and lyrics. I recommend this for anyone into newer straight edge stuff I like. RF (\$3 to 1124 Records/Po Box 269/West Chester, PA 19381)

LITTLE SWITZERLAND • Geneva, Ohio 7"

Take your favorite Bikini Kill clone, remove any hint of attitude and you might end up with something that doesn't sound entirely unlike this. Really quiet music (the drummer sounds like she's afraid to hit the drums) with meandering vocals. I would tell you what the lyrics were about but this release lacks any form of a lyric sheet and I couldn't pay attention long enough to discern the gist of the song while listening to it. Not too bad but not all that interesting either. BH (\$3.5 to S.K.A.M. / Po Box 651/Iowa City, IA 52244-0651)

LOAD • Pastor's Day 7"

Semi-heavy music with screamed vocals, along the lines of Rollins. Not something I would listen to on a regular basis but I know of at least a few people who would probably be really into this. BJJ (Faceless Wreckers/7321 Cleveland St./Hollywood, FL 33024)

LOAD • Sleestack 7"

Quite a load here; 2 semi-fast tunes that sound like one of those heavy and repetitive Jello Biafra projects. On the flipside there's a slow number that brings to mind bands like Nonoyesno or the Melvins. Good stuff. Actually, the singer tends towards sounding a little bit like Rollins without being a rip-off. He definitely had to pick up his lungs from the studio floor after recording this one. Wish they had included lyrics or at least something that would let me know what they're all about. MH (House of Pain/PO Box 12086/Nashville/TN 37212)

LOS CRUDOS/MANUMISSION • split 7"

Seriously, these are (were, in Manumission's case) two of the greatest bands to come around in the last couple of years. The music is down right nasty with an edge of brutality and a fierce sense of ugliness. Plus, neither band suffers from the copy-cat syndrome that so many bands are currently developing. The 7" comes with a nice looking booklet that details the struggle of the Western Shoshone Defense Project, and all profits end up going to that organization as well. Los Crudos is one of the most happening events going down in hardcore today. Combine that with a couple of Manumission songs, a well put together booklet, and a cool cause, and you end up with a record that only a fool would miss out on. KM (\$3.5 to Manumission-Chris Ganchoff/Po Box 80314/Goleta, CA 93118)



LOCAL H • Drum 7"

Boring rock guitar combined with flat sounding rock type vocals make something that I want to call grunge but can't quite bring myself to it, but I'll do it anyway. Grunge with a boring rock streak, not that grunge has anything interesting in it either. The lyrics were semi-interesting though, but the fact that there's a bunch of c's and p's with circles around them kind of turned me off. BH (OWC c/o Second Guess/Po Box 9382/ Reno, NV 89507)

LOYAL TO NONE • 7"

Rhythmically boring NYHC from a few years back. Well, the recording is only one year old but you couldn't really tell. I don't want to be mean, because even though the production lacks clarity this is actually okay, but I just can't get into this stuff anymore. Time to try something new. MH (See Records/222-09 Edmore Avenue/Queens Village/NY 11428)

MANUMISSION • Tremor On The Line 7"

Manumission was a great live band that combined disgustingly brutal vocals and introspective themes with fast paced tempos to create a sound that maintained a contorted sense of melody and tune underneath all of the ugliness. *Tremor On The Line* was Manumission's second release, and while the recording is a bit rough it still stands as a testament to one of the better bands to come out of the early '90s. They will be missed. KM (\$3 to Repercussion/3871 Piedmont Ave. Box 312/Oakland, CA 94611)

MAYBERRY • CD

Rockish pop-punk from start to finish that borders on grunge. Bored me to tears but if you're into mainstream sounding pop-punk this might be for you. BH (Salt Flat Records/Po Box 655/Sandy, UT 84070)

MELTS • 7"

Hmmm, even on 45 rpm it still sounded too slow... It's obviously medium-paced music, but it just sounds so bassey. Apart from that they remind me of some older DC bands; you know, a couple of crazy kids in a basement, the kind of thing that also influenced Nation of Ulysses. All in all this could be a pretty neat record, but the songs are super short and there's only two of them. No lyric sheet and the artwork doesn't blow me away either. They're probably a good live band, though. MH (Straight Up 227 Records/PO Box 2333/Greensboro/NC 27420)

MOHINDER • Q Nation, You Bleed... 7"

The influences of this band are almost too numerous to mention. To get a general idea imagine putting Heroin, Econochrist and Rorschach in a blender and hitting the puree button. What you get out is one incredible record that kind of reminds you of the above bands but is still totally original sounding.

The Mohinder sound starts with a kinda crazy hardcore bass (a la Heroin, John Henry West and Econochrist) with some slightly metallic (along the lines of Rorschach and Neurosis) parts here and there, and at times it even gets a little melodic. The vocals are a desperate sounding, screaming kind of deal that reminded me of Heroin, with the lyrics being kind of

minimalist (just enough there to get the point across), covering topics like euthanasia and the walls that people build to block themselves off from other people. This record has dominated my turntable ever since I got it and I highly recommend it. BH (\$3 to Unleaded/Po Box 1333/Cupertino, CA 95015)



MOSS ICON • It Disappears 12"

All good Buddhists and Beat poets know that you can't use words to get to the essence of anything. So why am I trying to describe something so affecting as the music on this piece of vinyl? These songs have appeared elsewhere over time but not everyone who wants could have, so out came this release of their super greats together at last on one disk for mass consumption. One side is studio, the other live with garage-y ecstasy. The mood is mindful but wandering at the same time and I lap it all up like a cat's tongue licking clean the bottom of your dinner bowl. You'll either love it or hate it. SS (\$6 to Ebullition/Po Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

A MINOR FOREST • Co-ed As Hell 7"

Made me want to fall asleep and never wake up (since waking up would mean that I would have to listen to the other side of the record). Jangly, almost no distortion guitar combined with mellow as hell music that seemed to drag on well past the cows coming home led me to a torpor so deep that I thought I could never escape. Not for everyone. BH (\$3 to Karate Brand Records/Po Box 93296/L.A., CA 90093-0296)

NAKED AGGRESSION • Plastic World 7"

Frequently I hear comparisons to The Avengers, however, besides the fact that both have female vocals, I don't see the similarity. All five songs are quick-paced punk with political lyrics. Complaint #1: the lyrics are pretty simplistic stuff, "Smash the State" (x 1,000,000) which isn't the end of the world, but it isn't likely to convince anyone without backing, which easily could have been done as an insert rather than a poster. Complain #2: \$3.50. Those things aside, I own their first two, and would probably buy this too. JB (\$3.5 to Mighty/6601 Sunset Blvd./Los Angeles, CA 90028)

NATIVE NOD • Bread 7"

If you've heard their earlier release then you already have an idea of what this record sounds like, kind of that is. This record is a progression on their earlier sound. It has more power, about the same energy level and a bit of a Moss Icon influence has crept in. Their songs alternate between an almost poppy sound and a heavier emo, which actually works quite well. This record spent a great deal of time on my turntable when I first got it. BH (\$3 to Germ Blandsten/305 Haywood Dr./Paramus, NJ 07652)

NAVIO FORGE • As We Quietly Burn A Hole... 12"

I had the privilege of seeing one of this band's two live appearances. The totally blew me away then and this record does a good job of capturing what they were like live. At the core this is very powerful emo. Though it is a very powerful record it still has a large amount of emotional honesty, something that cannot be said about every band. The lyrics fit just right with the music, they're a bit abstract but still get the point across. The topics range from materialism to communication breakdown. This band features members from Sawhorse, Admiral, Fuel, and John Henry West. If you are into any of these bands you should probably obtain this record. BH (\$5 to Shadow Catcher/Po Box 422937/San Francisco, CA 94142-2937)

ONCE AGAIN • As The Fire Went Out... 7"

While I think the demo was a lot better, Once Again's sound comes over well with this posthumous release. Both songs are in a sort of Struggle/Manumission style of mosh, with great bass playing. Good record, too bad they faded away before they had a chance to really get going. KM (\$3 to Element/23144 Cleveland/Dearborn, MI 48124)

OX • About Time 7"

I have never been able to get into that goofy punk style with squeaky vocals and failed attempts at humor; for example "I'm crying cuz I stubbed my toe, not because I'm emo." Help, I've fallen and I can't get up. KM (\$3 to Chumpire Records/2337 PA Rte. 309/Orefield, PA 18069-9530)

PACHINKO • Deep Inside Pachinko 7"

A thrashy, rockish, punk type deal is going on here. Rollins is about the closest sounding thing to this that I can think of. Noisy guitars, heavy drums and yelled vocals. Not something I would listen to everyday, but it would probably appeal to quite a few people. BH (\$3 to Rhetoric Records/Po Box 82/Madison, WI 53701)

PILOT CAR • 7"

Shit, another one of those Colorado bands with the melodic "emo" edge! Pilot Car do it well with a nice sense of originality, catchy music, and a quick energetic beat. Lyrics are good as well. I swear Colorado must have a happening scene at this point, though I hope there are also some other sorts of bands because this sort of pop-punk/D.C. influenced sound can get watered down if too many bands do it all at once. Even so Pilot Car does it well enough to stand at the top of the heap. KM (\$2.5 to Freewill Records/1650 Trenton, St./Denver, CO 80220)

PLAINFIELD • 7"

Here is yet another two song 7" from Bovine with no lyric sheet, only this time around I know why there isn't a lyric sheet included. That reason being that the lyrics are at best moronic and at worst misogynistic. Dumb. Musically, Plainfield do the twisted and sick Texas rock thing, not unlike Scratch Acid in their hey day, except for the idiotic lyrical content. KM (\$3 to Bovine/Po Box 2134/Madison, WI 53701)

POLICY OF 3 • Dead Dog Summer LP

This reminded me a lot of Hoover, kind of a heavier Fugazi type sound. It was good but as with most bands in this genre some of the songs tended to drag on for a little longer than they probably needed to. A booklet by band members and their friends, that covers topics ranging from what the band is all about to fucked up things the US government is involved in, is part of this package as well. BH (\$5 to Old Glory Records/Po Box 1814/Braintree, VT 05302)

PRIMITIVE TRIBES/MISERY INDEX • split 7"

Oh boy... Let's see, Primitive Tribe play bad versions of bad GBH songs. Their lyrics mean well, but the vocal interpretation destroys it all. Misery Index use the chipmunk approach for some of their vocal work. At other times they sound more like the Nina Hagen Band, which would have been okay - 15 years ago. I'm sorry, but my misery index hit rock bottom. MH (Cactus Prick Records/PO Box 27142/Tempe/AZ 85285)

SIDESHOW • Rust 7"

This one's a bit mellow than their earlier stuff but still quite good. Their sound is heavy on the Rites of Spring with a hyperactive drummer (not that hyperactive is bad, I think this drummer is one of the best I've heard). The bass tends to dominate the music here, setting up a solid foundation for the guitar to play over. The vocals range from sung to semi-yelled but I can't say anything about the lyrics since this was lacking in the lyric sheet department. BH (\$3 to Caulfield Records/5701 Randolph/Lincoln, NE 68510)

SHATTER THE MYTH • 7"

First off, this has fantastic packaging proving that creativity is still alive! Musically, Shatter The Myth play a sort of depressing blend of melodic low-key influences and more angst driven styles. The dual vocal work is good, though less attempts at singing could improve their sound slightly. The lyrics are tortured poetic statements about the human experience. Moody, and very human. KM (\$5 to Guillaume Cauoissin/16 Rue Des Neuf Arpents/45380 La Chapelle Saint Mesmin/France)

RECORD REVIEWS

SAD PYGMY • Tomato Halo CD

This has Texas written all over it. Funk, garage, punk, acid, psychedelic, rock, and back around the world a few more times and I am brain dead listening to "Fishsticks Of Doom," "Condiment Conspiracy," and "Light Beer." Occasionally, Sad Pygmy actually nailed down a cool tune, but for the most part they were lucky to get a chuckle. They really do have a song called "Fishsticks Of Doom!!!!" KM (\$10 to Lazy Squid/Po Box 52621/Houston, TX 77052-2621)



(\$3 to Primary Recordings/7266 N. Oracle Rd. #137/Tucson, AZ 85704)

SLAG/THAW • split 7"

Both bands reminded me quite a bit of Rorschach, but not quite achieving the same level of power that Rorschach does (but then I can't think of anyone that could play this style and reach the level of the aforementioned band). The vocals are screamed, the guitar is way distorted and crunchy and the drums lay a solid rhythm, good if you're into metallish hardcore. BH

(\$3 to Primary Recordings/7266 N. Oracle Rd. #137/Tucson, AZ 85704)

SLAG • Feed 7"

Yeah, there is a Rorschach feel here, but Slag is more interested in metal-mosh and grind. I have no idea what the songs are about but somehow I get the feeling that you could pick a few song explanations from a Man Is The Bastard 7" and that would be pretty damn accurate. The idea I suppose is to reflect our fucked up society by creating fucked up music. Not quite there, but close. KM (\$3 to Fetus Records/2966 S. Country Club Way/Tempe, AZ 85282)

SOLACE • Forms Burning Cold 7"

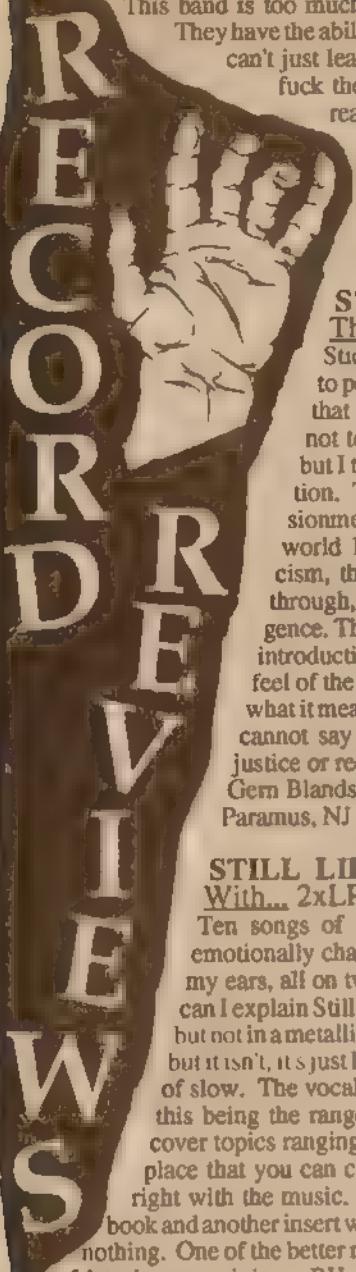
In Massachusetts it seems that the metal mosh sound is still going strong, even though it seems to me that it peaked by 1992. Solace is definitely in that category, but their stuff is still pretty catchy and far better than a lot of what I hear being done with this style today. Still, I think Solace would have been better received in 1990 than in 1994 when their sound seems a bit tired, though I know a lot of people could dig this ("dig" is after all probably dated as well). KM (\$3 to Moo Cow Records/38 Larch Circle/Belmont, MA 02178)

SMALL DOG FRENZY • Davenport Champions CD

What happened? Small Dog Frenzy put out a good 7" that had some strong emotional vocals that could pull you in and keep you at attention, and I heard some demo songs that were equally as interesting, but this CD is somehow lacking in comparison. The vocal work is still good, but their Dischord influenced music has been watered down by a mainstream rock production, and though occasionally they attain glimpses of something better I am left disappointed. Definitely not worth the overpriced cost of \$11 since there isn't even a lyric sheet. KM (\$11 to Titanic Records/Po Box 4674/Boulder, CO 80306)

SOUSE LOAF • 7"

This band is too much like Camper van Beethoven. They have the ability to write great songs, but they can't just leave them how they are, so they fuck them up. Souse Loaf wrote two really sweet tunes here, but they screwed them up with noisy nothingness. Too bad, I could have liked this a lot. MH (\$3.5 to S.K.A.M./Po Box 651/Iowa City, IA, 52244-0651)



STICKS & STONES • Theme Song For Nothing LP

Sticks & Stones are a difficult band to peg, and this album doesn't break that rule. 'Somber and moody' may not tell you the chord progressions, but I think it's an appropriate description. This record is large part disillusionment both with life and the punk world 15 years on. Despite the cynicism, there is definite hope that seeps through, along with an evident intelligence. The George Orwell/Winston Smith introduction/quotation compliments the feel of the whole excursion. I think this is what it means to mature, without sucking. I cannot say enough kind things to do this justice or recommend it enough. JB (\$6 to Gem Blandsten Records/305 Haywood Dr./Paramus, NJ 07652)

STILL LIFE • From Angry Heads With... 2xLP

Ten songs of some of the most honest and emotionally charged music ever to have graced my ears, all on two 12 inch slabs of vinyl. How can I explain Still Life's sound? It's kind of heavy, but not in a metallish way. I want to say it's mellow, but it isn't, it's just kind of slow, but a powerful type of slow. The vocals range from sung to screamed, this being the range of both vocalists. The lyrics cover topics ranging from animal rights to having a place that you can call home, basically they fit just right with the music. Included is an eight page lyric book and another insert where Kent McClard writes about nothing. One of the better records to come into existence as of late in my opinion. BH (\$7 to Ebullition/Po Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

STRUGGLE • 12"

Take the 7", and the influence of a heavy straight edge band like Unbroken, bring out the true potential of the drummer, and you have this 12". Musically this album is intense. But with phrases like "Buy their war", "privilege", and a McPheetersish spoken word, I can't help but leave this album with a feeling of lyrical deja-vu. Includes the best lyric sheet I've ever seen. RF (\$5 to Ebullition/Po Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

SWEET DIESEL • 7"

At first I thought hey this sounds pretty good. The beginnings of both sides are "hard hitting" and "get going", but then I start envisioning Quicksand or Laughing Hyenas (insanity may have taken lodging in my ears) and I can't get that image out of my head. In other words, sort of grungy rock on the post-punk side of things. No lyric sheet, no band info, and I've got no idea what this is all about. This is actually pretty good, though definitely not in my diet... KM (Shifty Records/Po Box 382295/Boston, MA 02238)

TANNER BOYLE • Everywhere I've Never Been 7"

Approaching a sound that is very similar to Fuel or Gauge, though a bit more subdued in approach, or perhaps Lungfish's mood, Tanner Boyle put out a pleasant little 7" with a well put together cover and swell sounding songs. Just swell by me. KM (Red Dawg Records/300 N. Bryan/Bloomington, IN 47408)

24 IDEAS • CD

The sixteen songs featured here are all exceptionally powerful and well done, though unfortunately the CD only lasts for about seventeen minutes. The music is reminiscent of early No For An Answer meets Infest while retaining a sense of originality, and the lyrics are short blasts of intelligence with an emphasis on equality and anti-government sentiments. Fucking great in every respect. KM (Amok Records/Droste-Hulshoff-str 42/59192 Bergkamen/Germany)

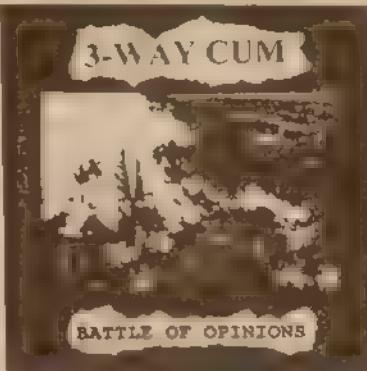


THIGH MASTERSSEN/TRANS AM • split 7"

One side features a band trying to be Ministry and the other has some boring techno on it. Not much else I could say about this except that it lacks a lyric sheet (which is okay in Trans Am's case since they lack vocals anyway). BH (S.K.A.M./Po Box 651/Iowa City, IA, 52244-0651)

THUG • 7"

I hate two song 7"s with no insert. Thug are noise central. Thug tells a tale of sound damaged by static and eaten alive by small mechanical animals that roam over the cybernetic thread of life in the new world of steel and concrete and silicon. This could be really cool if there was some sort of conceptual theme woven into the whole trip, but without that I am left empty and annoyed. KM (\$3 to Bovine/Po Box 2134/Madison, WI 53701)



3-WAY CUM • Battle Of Opinions 7"

This is the Shit. Dual vocalists doing the dual vocalist thing. Really thick and fast in that ENT/Doom style that I love. Good above average political lyrics to boot. Pick of the month. FB (\$3 to Sound Pollution/Po Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017-0742)

UNDER THE EIGHT BALL • Things Fall Apart CD

The seven tracks included on this disk vary from being good to being so-so to being not so great. The good songs are more upbeat punk-melodic-rock with a good dose of spunk, and the so-so songs tend to be more on the rock side while the bad songs take place as they move into rap and mainstream styles. Weird, but somehow I find myself liking it, well some of it anyway. I only wish that there was a lyric sheet because what I can understand seems interesting: "There are some that would say that I'm just a faggot, but a faggot's got his rights..." KM (Superegular Records/612 Ogden Ave./Swarthmore, PA 19081)

UNFOUND LOGIC/SILLY • split 7"

Unfound Logic are a pop/ska combination while Silly is pretty much straight up pop. Unless you are into terminally happy music I wouldn't recommend this. BH (Silly/Po Box 1226/Banner Elk, NC 28604)

V/A • Four Bands That Had Too Much Metamucil 7"

This record features Misery Index, Sockeye, Sanity Assassins, and Legendary Lunch. All the bands have your basic punk rock sound (Legendary Lunch was a bit on the heavier side). Sockeye was the only band which bothered to print their lyrics, which were on the nonsensical side. Overall this made me yawn. BH (Cactus Prick Records/Po Box 27142/Tempe, AZ 85285)

V/A • Music For The Proletariat CD

While I have a hard time swallowing the title, and a lot of the material is available other places, this compilation CD still manages to catch some points for great tunes by Seein' Red, Buzzov-en, Friction, Resist, and Political Asylum. Other bands featured are Nations On Fire, Jawbreaker, J Church, Pissed, and a bunch more. I only wish that the tracks were all un-released. Still good, though. KM (\$7 to Allied/Po Box 460683/San Francisco, CA 94146)

V/A • Boston Hardcore 7"

The cover made me cringe, somehow I have a hard time relating to organized sports, but fortunately the three tunes enclosed within were all pretty good. Dive and Intent To Injure do the hard sound quite well, and Chilmark does a great song along more melodic lines. It is nice to see different kinds of bands from the same place on one comp. Good job! KM (\$3 to Moo Cow Records/38 Larch Circle/Belmont, MA 02178)

V/A • Circle Storm - Sydney Hardcore 7"

This documents a scene far away. I guess it is no surprise that there are no revelations to be found here. All bands do the old style thing of whatever they're into. Toe to Toe wins with their No For an Answer type song and Persecution is the runner up with a Death Metal song that has it all; synthesizers, cardboard box double bass drums, mind-bending guitar work, a Spinal Tap like bit of spoken word and a picture of themselves burying a corpse. Try beating that! But I don't want to be mean because this is an important record for their scene and it looks very good, too. MH (No Deal Records/PO Box 158/Camperdown/NSW 2050/Australia)

V/A • Time Or Dirt 7"

The idea behind this record was to assemble a couple of friends in a studio, do one or two takes of a song, put them on vinyl and send them out into the world. Jim Santo who is putting this out really seems to be into what he's doing and he doesn't seem to care about money, because frankly I can't see how he could make any money with a limited edition of 500 and the very weird music he's playing. So, if you only listen to hardcore be warned, you probably won't like this, there's no distorted guitar or grunted vocals. Both tracks feature acoustic instruments such as various horns and an accordion. They have this homely imperfect feeling to them like say the late Tom Waits. Basically it's music that would very well fit into a David Lynch movie. MH (Dive Productions/PO Box 4218/Sunnyside/NY 11104)

V/A • Close Your Eyes & See Death 7"

Luzifers Mob, Capitalist Casualties, and Wounded Knee churn out a total of ten brutal fast thrash tunes with no mercy and no compassion. Wounded Knee is the dominating force here, with the other two holding their own. The whole thing sounds pretty good and it comes with a nice booklet. If you like the hard edge then this is a must have, plus anything with Wounded Knee is a must get... KM (Re*Education/Po Box 101627/40007 Dusseldorf/Germany)

V/A • Superpowers tape comp

Fuck, Born Against, Iconoclast, Struggle, Merel, Rorschach, Heroin, Avail, Moss Icon, and a shit load more all on one comp with a huge booklet with nice paper and a glossy cover is a wet dream come true, but dreams are never real and the sound quality on this tape is pretty bad. Lots of tape hiss, and most of the material is already available somewhere else. Still cool, but... KM (Wanna Communicate?/16 Willow St/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

V/A • Loud N' Ugly Vol. #1 7"

This is Wisconsin's battle of Dakalb vs. Madison 7". Dekalb offers noisy sounding shit from Festering Ryans and Mercury Players (who remind me a bit of early Scratch Acid), while Madison's Pachinko and Thug do more noisy sounding shit. Who is the winner? You are if you like noisy, grinding, heavy shit such as early Scratch Acid, Butthole Surfers, and maybe a small dab of Buzzov-en on the side. (\$3 to Bovine/Po Box 2134/Madison, WI 53701)

V/A • Human Polity 7"

This one features 7 Seconds doing a song that sounds more like Shelter than anything else (note that this is not a compliment). I haven't yet decided if Psychiatric Petting Zoo is a remnant from the bygone days of hardcore bands doing rap songs, or if their on the rage against... trip. Black Train Jack make an appearance as well, whether this is good or bad depends on whether you would be into a heavier version of Bad Religion with some mellow, attempted bluesy parts thrown in. Overall I didn't find this to be of much interest. BH (\$3 to Second Guess/Po Box 9382/Reno, NV 89509)

WOUNDED KNEE • Psycho Path 7"

Rorschach, Born Against and Wounded Knee are all of the same species. Hard sounding stuff with beast-like vocals, metallic-distorted guitar, and memorable songs. Lyrics deal with the brutality of a world that doesn't belong to them, and the big question of why is it so? Wounded Knee are awesome, and this is an awesome 7". KM (X-Mist Records/Meisenweg 10/72202 Nagold/W-Germany)

ZOINKS • Dump-eye 7"

Do you like Green Day? Bad Religion perhaps? The vocals of one of Atlantic's recent signee's and the music style of another. Basically high energy pop punk that started boring me about half way through the first song, but if you answered affirmative to the questions above you might be into this. BH (\$3 to Satan's Pimp/1409 Tonopah St./Reno, NV 89509)

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